

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No 749

APRIL 5, 1884

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



BORN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, APRIL 7, 1853

DIED AT CANNES, MARCH 28, 1884

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY, K.G.



THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY, THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY, AND THE INFANT PRINCESS ALICE

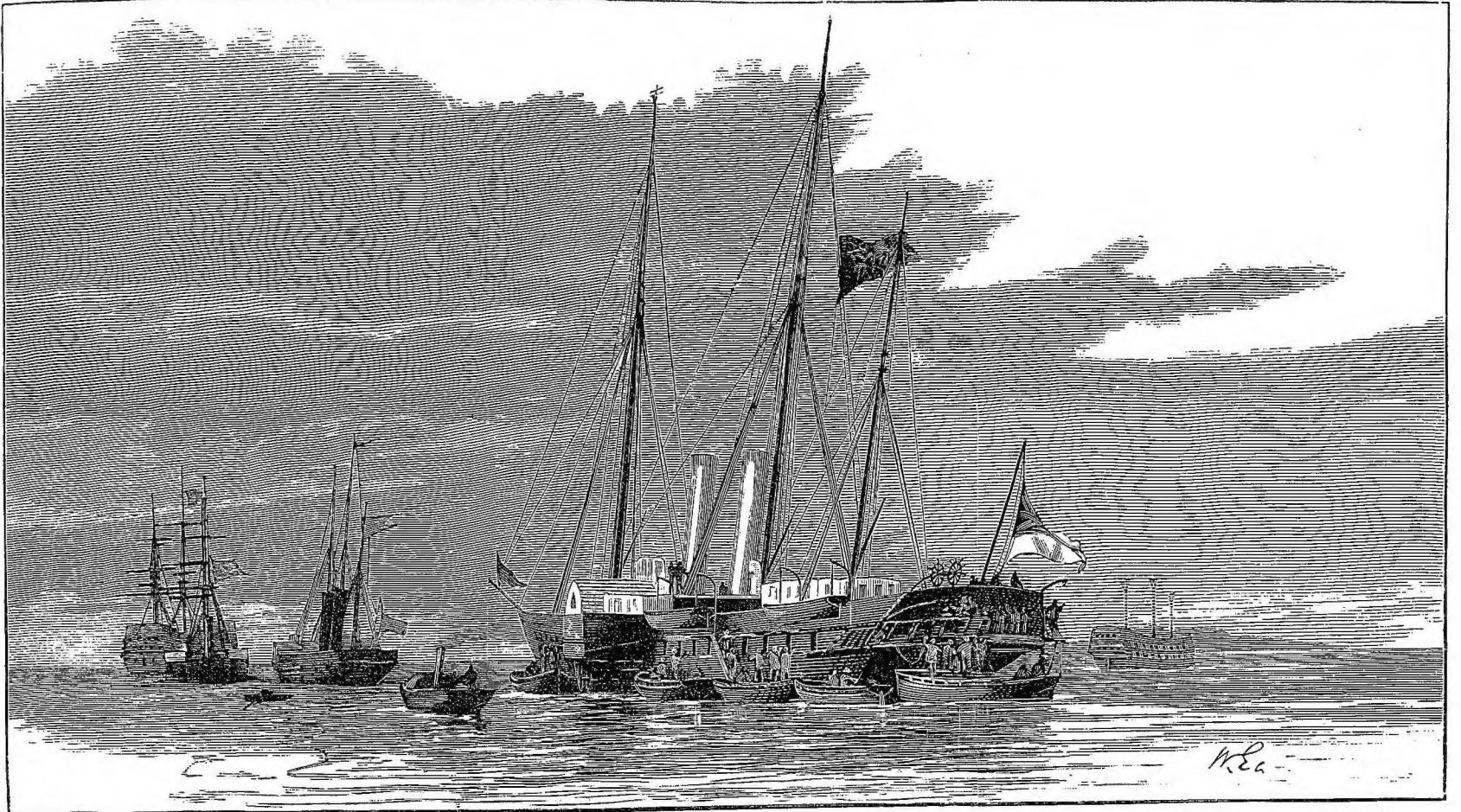
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

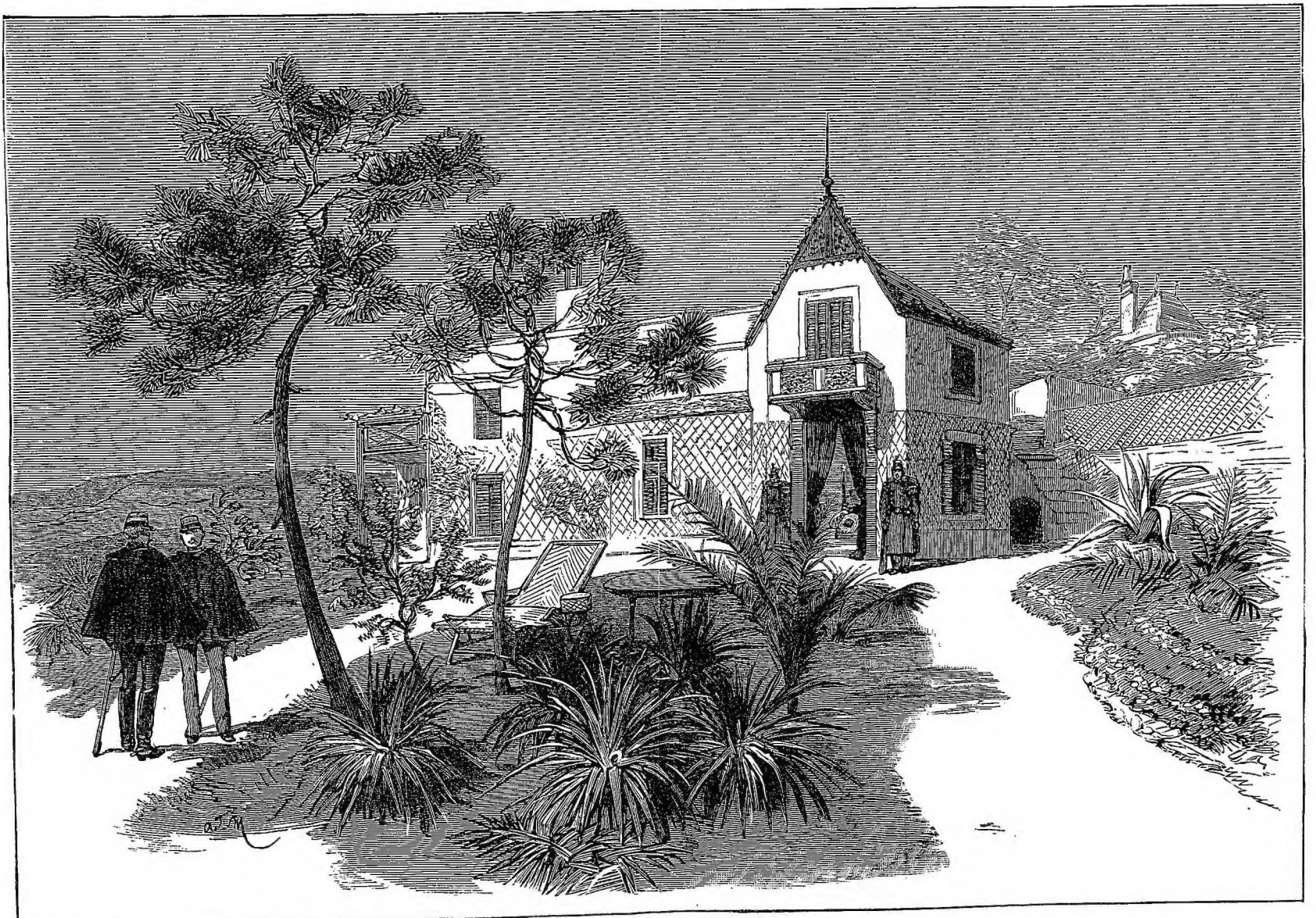
No. 749.—VOL. XXIX.
Registered as a Newspaper] ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884

ENLARGED TO [PRICE NINEPENCE
TWO SHEETS [By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE ROYAL YACHTS "OSBORNE" AND "ALBERTA," AND THE ADMIRALTY YACHT "ENCHANTRESS," BEING DRAPED IN BLACK IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR THE EVENING BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR CHERBOURG



THE VILLA NEVADA, CANNES
The Room in Which the Duke Died is that with the Balcony. The Body Was Afterwards Removed to the Lower Room, Which Was Converted Into a Chapelle Ardente

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY

The Late Duke of Albany.

THRICE WITHIN the last three-and-twenty years has the Angel of Death visited the household of our Queen, and has each time borne away a dearly-beloved one in the prime of manhood or womanhood.

The earthly career of the Prince Consort was closed in December, 1861, in the full tide of activity and usefulness, and just when the nation, amongst whom he had come to sojourn, had begun to appreciate his value.

Seventeen years later, in the same month of December, the Princess Alice was summoned to rejoin the father whom she had so tenderly loved; herself, it may be truly asserted, a victim to her intense maternal devotion.

And now once more the nation is plunged in mourning for the youngest son of the Queen. Not two years have elapsed since the joy-bells of his wedding rang out. Now the nation stands, as it were, bareheaded round his open grave, listens to the solemn words, "Dust to dust," the doom alike of princes and paupers, and, recognising that the Royal Family is typical of, and allied to, all the families of the British Empire, extends its hearty sympathy to the bereaved Queen, the widowed mother, and the orphaned child.

Our daily contemporaries have already teemed with memoirs of the departed Prince, and we ourselves, at the time of his marriage, published a full and authentic narrative of his career up to that date. A very brief summary will therefore suffice on the present occasion.

Prince Leopold, the fourth and youngest son of the Queen, was born at Buckingham Palace on April 7th, 1853. He was christened a few weeks later in the Private Chapel of the Palace "with much pomp," his other names being George Duncan Albert. Leopold was in grateful regard of the wise King of the Belgians, beloved of our Queen; Duncan, as Her Majesty has herself told us, "A compliment to dear Scotland."

In one very important respect Prince Leopold differed from all his brothers and sisters. They were blessed with sound health; he was an invalid from his cradle. Such careers, therefore, as those which are afforded by the Army and Navy were closed against him, nor could he participate in the manly exercises and pastimes in which his eldest brother is so proficient. And, besides the delicacy of constitution which he displayed from his birth, he was more unfortunate than are most young persons in the special illnesses which beset him. He suffered severely from measles, and, later on, barely escaped with his life from a serious attack of typhoid fever. Under such circumstances, it would not have been strange if a young man, like Prince Leopold, who was not obliged to work as are many humbler mortals, and who probably never in his whole life felt the delightful sensation of buoyant health—if a youth so placed had shown a distaste and aversion for all intellectual labour.

Far otherwise, however, was it with Prince Leopold. He showed from the outset that he had in an especial manner inherited the studious tastes of his gifted father, and, during his residence at the University of Oxford, which began in the year 1872, he showed himself a wise and diligent student. He possessed an advantage over ordinary undergraduates, who are necessarily trammelled by college and university rules, in that he could choose for himself a highly diversified curriculum. Thus he studied physical science, chemistry, geology, and physiology, history, political economy, modern languages, music, and—a characteristically modern branch of learning—the science of sanitation.

He was, moreover, as cosmopolitan in his amusements as in his studies, and though considerations of health compelled him to decline the traditional hospitalities which would otherwise have been profusely showered upon him, he entertained his friends at Wykeham House, a dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where he resided; and he belonged to several clubs, especially the Union, where he often listened to the debates, read magazines, or played chess. A fellow-student, writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning this period in the Prince's career, says: "His house, bright with creepers and flowers, and with the lawn behind it, where the tent was spread for summer delights, was familiar to his many friends. His visiting-book formed an index to his wide acquaintance, and would tell how popular and well-beloved he was in the University. He was ready to take interest in all. And it was this ready sympathy with every phase of University life that made Prince Leopold so truly dear to Oxford men. They loved himself also because he was himself; always affable and unassuming and thoughtful for others; ready to show his photographs or pictures, or sing, or play the round game of cards which usually ended his dinner-parties. He did not often row, for his health forbade it. He was, however, an active member of the Apollo Lodge, and quickly became an adept in the craft of Freemasonry. But he led no desultory dilettante life. There was solid work done in his study. He passed with considerable credit an examination in foreign languages; and it is no secret that his D.C.L. degree represented great abilities, great industry, and wide reading."

In the year 1876 Prince Leopold was fairly launched upon the world, his personal staff was increased, and he began an extensive series of independent excursions both at home and

abroad. Considering his precarious health he was remarkably active and energetic. In the year 1879, for example, we hear of his being entertained by the President of the French Republic at the Élysée, Paris, of his joining in the Carnival at Nice, visiting Corsica, climbing Mount Vesuvius, investigating the ruins of Pompeii, attending mass at St. Mark's, Venice, visiting Milan and Turin, and finally spending day after day in the Paris Exhibition. Previously to this he had visited in an Admiralty yacht, the *Lively*, most places of interest on the coasts of the United Kingdom. In 1880 he made a still more extensive visit to Canada and the United States.

Thus from books and men and countries Prince Leopold had gathered together a well-matured stock of learning and wisdom. Moreover, at the very outset of his career, he saw the full value of the Prince Consort's example, and set himself to follow it. Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, encouraged this praiseworthy resolution in a noteworthy speech which he made in 1874. He said: "The Prince Consort refined the tastes, he multiplied the enjoyments, and he elevated the moral sense of the great body of the people. The example of such a father will guide and animate Prince Leopold, who is a student, and of no common order. He is predisposed to pursuits of science and learning, and to the cultivation of those fine arts which adorn life and lend lustre to a nation."

One of the duties assigned by public opinion to the Royal Princes of the British Empire is that of taking the lead in ceremonials, banquets, &c., connected with objects of public utility or charity. This duty has been cheerfully fulfilled by the Princes both of the past and the present generation. As for the Heir-Apparent's behaviour in this respect, it would almost be an impertinence to sound his praises. Not only is he a diligent and indefatigable worker in such undertakings, but, judged by a genuine and not a mere courtly and conventional standard, he is an excellent public speaker. The listener feels that the Prince's heart is in his work, and that he says just the right thing. Prince Leopold, too, considering his frail health, bore his full share of these graceful burdens, and before long people discovered that this Royal Prince could make speeches which, on account of their wisdom and their thoughtfulness, were worthy of being read and re-read. It is to be hoped that they will be rescued from the virtual oblivion which overtakes newspaper literature, and published in a separate form. Let us cite a brief specimen from a speech delivered at the Birkbeck Institution in Chancery Lane in 1879. The Prince had been comparing life to a game of chess, and he went on to say: "Must we not sometimes be ready to sacrifice some form of present pleasure or profit to gain that which self-indulgence could never have won? Among the bright young faces around me many have known what it is to labour against the grain—to begin a lesson when they would rather have gone to a theatre; to finish it when they would rather go to bed; and such efforts of self-denial and conscientiousness form at least one-half of the benefit of education. It is a great benefit to fight for knowledge, to suffer for her, and to make her our own."

In May, 1881, Prince Leopold was raised to the Peerage, under the style of Baron Arklow, Earl of Clarence, and Duke of Albany, shortly afterwards taking his seat in the House of Lords. Towards the close of the same year the Queen consented to his marriage with the Princess Helen Frederica Augusta of Waldeck-Pyrmont, whom the Duke had first met at the pretty little watering-place of Soden.

The marriage, which was a very brilliant ceremony, took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, April 27th, 1882. On that occasion the Duke, although he was recovering from recent illness, showed no trace of pallor or weakness, except that he walked a little lamely, leaning on a stick for support.

The Royal couple took up their abode at Claremont House, Esher, a dwelling-place of sad memories. It was there that the Princess Charlotte, George IV.'s only child, the first wife of King Leopold, lived and died; it was there that the exiled King of the French, Louis Philippe, found a home. On the 25th February, 1883, the Duchess of Albany presented her husband with a daughter, who was christened Alice, after her much-lamented aunt.

The public appearances of the Duke of Albany were not less frequent after his marriage than before. In the autumn of last year he and the Duchess went to Huddersfield to visit a Fine Art Exhibition there, and to open a park. On this occasion he delivered an address replete with good sense. In January of the present year the Royal couple went on an interesting and useful tour in the North of England, first visiting the Duke of Westminster at his Cheshire seat and then going on to Liverpool, where the Duke distributed the certificates to the pupils in the elementary schools of the town. Here, as on former occasions, he pointed out how much might be done for the people in the matter of amusements, putting the case very plainly in this simple question: "How could a man feel himself so separate from his fellow-creatures as to think that the pleasures which were worth his own attention were quite superfluous trivialities in the case of poor men and women?"

A few weeks ago the Duke, in order to escape the bleak weather of an English March, had gone to Cannes, to stay with his former Equerry and attached friend, Captain Perceval. He improved wonderfully in aspect during his

visit, and for several days past had been in buoyant spirits. On Tuesday, March 25th, he was at the Bachelors' Ball at Nice, danced a good deal, and stayed till a late hour. On Thursday, at Cannes, he witnessed a festival called "The Battle of Flowers." He was leaving the Nautical Club, where he had passed the greater part of the day, when he slipped, fell, and hurt his right knee—the same from injuries to which he had previously suffered. Dr. Royle (the Duke's Surgeon-in-Ordinary since 1876) at once applied splints and bandages, and the patient was conveyed in a carriage to the Villa Nevada, where he was put to bed. But he showed no signs of great pain, he read the newspapers, and conversed gaily. About 7 P.M. he took some tea, and two hours later a light supper, after which he again read for some time.

Dr. Royle, who slept in the room, was startled about 2 A.M. by the Duke's heavy breathing. On approaching the bedside he found him in a violent epileptic fit. He at once called Captain Perceval, but the fatal crisis was of short duration, for in six minutes the Duke of Albany breathed his last, in the arms of Captain Perceval. His end was apparently painless.

The sad news, which was publicly made known in London on the afternoon of the day (Friday, March 28th) upon which it occurred, caused a most painful shock among all classes of the community. The Duke of Albany was generally popular because of the unobtrusive kindness of his disposition, and was also an object of compassion because of his frequent sufferings from ill-health. Then great sympathy was felt for the Queen, upon whom for the third time the blow of a great bereavement has descended. She heard the news more suddenly than had been desired by the members of her household, and the crushing blow caused her to fall to the ground. It is officially stated, however, that although deeply affected by the shock, Her Majesty is not ill. She has derived comfort from the presence of her friend, the Empress Eugénie, who has in her own person undergone some of the sharpest pangs of bereavement that any mortal can endure—rank and power, husband and son, all swept away within a few short years. The Queen, too, has been to visit the young daughter-in-law who has been so suddenly widowed, and whose case excites especial compassion, as for the second time she is about to undergo the pains and perils of childbirth. Thus far she has shown a brave heart, and borne up with amazing fortitude.

The public utterances on this sad event have been, as is natural, very numerous; newspaper articles, addresses of condolence in Parliament, allusions in the sermons last Sunday from almost every pulpit. Independent of the announcement of a period of general mourning, and the reverberation of the funeral marches of last Sunday still ringing in our ears, we all feel that there has been "a death in the family," and we accordingly comport ourselves with an appropriate sobriety.

NOTE.—The single portrait of the Duke of Albany is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street; the family group is by Hills and Saunders, of Eton.



BELEAGUERED GORDON.—It might be hoped that some light would be thrown upon the Soudan mystery by the promised Government statement, were it not that Mr. Gladstone is a past-master in the art of using ambiguous phrases which may be twisted to mean anything. But he and his colleagues must not suppose that if Gordon should be killed or made prisoner they can exonerate themselves from responsibility on the plea that they are simply carrying out the policy of their predecessors in office. Yet this is the shabby excuse put forth by Mr. Gladstone in reply to the Workmen's Peace Association, who have been expressing their horror at "the wholesale slaughter of thousands of brave men in the Soudan." Says the Premier, in acknowledging the receipt of this resolution:—"The covenants under which this country has been acting in Egypt were not made by the present Government." This is not a very heroic attitude for the Queen's principal adviser to assume. He recalls the street boy who, being pounced upon for stone-throwing, whimpers out, "Please, sir, it wasn't me sir; it was that other boy, sir." But it is unnecessary to bring forward arguments to controvert this impudent assertion. Every one who has followed the course of events knows that, beginning from the inception of Arabi's revolt, the Government might if they pleased have chosen a totally different policy from that which they did choose. They were really no more hampered by what their predecessors had done in Egypt than in Ireland. But it is an unprofitable question to discuss who was originally to blame. The point which we rather desire to insist upon here is this. The trouble in the Soudan is entirely due to our vacillating policy in Egypt. We ought either to have made ourselves complete masters, or left the Egyptians to manage their own affairs. And the causes of this vacillation on the part of our Government are twofold. Partly a morbid dread of French susceptibilities, but chiefly from Mr. Gladstone's desire to "keep in" with people of the most opposite opinions,—with Workmen's Peace Associations

on the one hand, and with experienced officials, who assure him that a bold and masterful policy in Egypt is absolutely necessary, on the other. This seems the only solution of the extraordinary behaviour of our Ministers as regards the Soudan—a behaviour more characteristic of Colney Hatch than of Downing Street; a behaviour which has already caused the sacrifice of thousands of lives, and which may cause the loss of many more in an endeavour to rescue Gordon from the perils by which he is environed, and which the Government policy has aggravated.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.—In the debate on the Franchise Bill Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and other Conservatives have insisted that the measure ought to be thrown out because it has excited little popular enthusiasm. Now, it seems to be true that there is no very urgent demand for the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers. They themselves certainly do not clamour for the suffrage, and by their friends in the constituencies the question is discussed with perfect coolness. It does not follow, however, that the majority of Englishmen are not firmly convinced that the proposed concession is both just and expedient. The calmness with which the subject is talked of is due to several causes. In the first place, no one doubts that agricultural labourers must be admitted to the franchise sooner or later; and to most people it seems useless to make strenuous exertions on behalf of a Bill which, whether they exert themselves or not, will by-and-by become law. Again, few Liberals are of opinion that the measure will lead to very important changes. That agricultural labourers, like other classes, ought to have an opportunity of expressing their wants, and that their influence will in the main be favourable to national progress, almost all Liberals agree; but more than this would not be said by many of Mr. Gladstone's followers. A Bill which gives rise to such moderate expectations may be loyally supported, but there seems to be no particular reason why it should be advocated with passion. Another circumstance which must be taken into account is that the Conservatives do not oppose the measure with the ardour with which they have resisted all Reform Bills introduced in past times by Liberal Governments. They shrink from committing themselves to any very definite statement of principle; and the chances are that if they were in power they would try to settle the controversy in their own way for another generation. The attack being conducted in this spirit, the defence is naturally carried on with less vehemence than might otherwise have been exhibited. On the whole, Liberals have reason to congratulate themselves that the temper of the people is what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach says that it is. Had a wave of revolutionary fervour passed over the nation, Conservatives might fairly have argued that the basis of the Constitution ought not to be widened in deference to seditious outcries.

LEADER-WRITING.—There was an amusing advertisement in the papers the other day. The proprietor of a provincial journal, seeking a recruit for his staff, stipulated that applicants were not to be "mere leader-writers." Let us imagine how this gentleman must have suffered before his exasperation made him try to bar out from his office the Jefferson Bricks of our time. To be preached to death by wild curates was the hardest punishment Sydney Smith could imagine; but it has its pendant apparently in being bored to frenzy by three or four printed sermons every morning—sermons of a column's length a-piece, and all delivered in the same pontifical tone of omniscience. However, the leaders written nowadays are much less like sermons than those by which newspapers made their reputations in the pre-telegraph era, and, curiously enough, leaders are no longer so generally read now that they are ceasing to be like sermons. Most people profess that they seldom read through the whole of a leader, and we have never yet met a man who submitted himself to the severe moral discipline of reading through every leader of his newspaper every morning. The reason for this growing indifference to the opinions of the editorial "we" is no doubt simply this—that the opinions are now very frequently given without much reflection. Leaders are getting to be mere summaries of Parliamentary debates, or foreign telegrams, with just a garnishing of common-place thoughts. When a man has to cram a heap of news, and to dash off a column of words about it when most people are in, or thinking of bed, and labouring under the pre-occupation of not letting the least bit of latest intelligence be left unnoticed, he can scarcely write much that is worth remembering. At the same time, it remains to be asked why there should be all this violent hurry. Now, as in olden time, daily newspapers might find it to their advantage to publish leaders written with thought—that is, without over-haste.

TALK IN PARLIAMENT.—During the present week several Members of Parliament, following the example of Lord Randolph Churchill, have complained that too much time is occupied in the House of Commons by the recognised leaders of the two great parties. This may be true; but Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends are mistaken if they suppose that many people out-of-doors have much sympathy with their claim on behalf of private members. The belief of almost every one who takes any interest in politics is that while the occupants of the front benches might with advantage talk less, private members certainly

ought not to talk more than they now do. It has become almost a commonplace that loquacity is the besetting sin of those who do us the honour to legislate for us in the Lower House. In former times subjects of great public interest were discussed at least as thoroughly as they are in our day; but the same opinions were not expressed again and again with tiresome iteration. As a rule, those who took part in important debates were content to call attention to matters which had been omitted or imperfectly dealt with by previous speakers. The wise men of the present time take a different view of their duty. Each of them seems to think it incumbent upon him to begin in every speech with first principles, and to argue the question before him as if he alone understood the real issue. The consequence, of course, is that debates in the House of Commons attract less attention, and are neglected altogether by fastidious readers, to whom platitudes are not made more attractive by the fact that they relate to politics. Political ideas are set forth so frequently and so fully in the Press and at public meetings, that elaborate discourses in Parliament, even by Ministers and ex-Ministers, have become absolutely unnecessary.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.—American riots are far more bloody than those of England. Elderly Manchester people still cherish the memory of the Peterloo "massacre," as it was termed, but the indignation aroused by the blood which was then shed shows the national disinclination to quell disturbances by shot or steel. In America the sanctity of human life is far less regarded. Witness the Anti-Negro Riots in New York in 1863 during the Civil War, the terrible Railway Riots at Pittsburgh in 1877, and now these disturbances at Cincinnati, where fifty-five persons were killed, and more than two hundred injured. The cause of this excessive bloodshed, which to Englishmen seems so appalling, is that in America both mob and magistrates resort to firearms on very small provocation. Cincinnati is said to be rather a rowdy city, it has a large foreign population, many of whom are engaged in the hog-killing and pork-packing industry; in fact there is a quarter nick-named "the Rhine," which is almost solely tenanted by Germans, whose children speak an extraordinary lingo made up of German and Italian, intermingled with American slang and Cornish mining phrases. As regards the origin of the recent disturbances, we cannot but sympathise with the rioters, who, as often happens in the United States, sought to call in the aid of Judge Lynch to correct the official maladministration of the law. In Great Britain the Porteous mob of the last century was a unique phenomenon, but such organisations are common enough in America, and usually effect their purpose, that is, they hang the man they want to hang. One regrets that in Cincinnati so many comparatively innocent lives were lost, and so much property destroyed, and yet that after all the double-dyed murderers who through the agency of corrupt lawyers and juries had escaped the full penalty of their misdeeds, were not consigned to the gallows. To our mind, the moral of this whole unhappy business is that there is more genuine liberty and fair play under the British flag (in spite of our Queen, our House of Lords, and our State Church), than under the Stars and Stripes, where all men, rich and poor, white and coloured, are supposed to be free and equal.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.—In writing to ask the Attorney-General whether any substantial reason exists why a barrister should not take his instructions direct from a client instead of through a solicitor, Mr. Philip Stern bowled at a very old question of professional etiquette, and must have been quite prepared to see Sir Henry James slip his ball into the hands of the Bar Committee. The public, however, will continue to think it strange that if a man wants redress at law he should be obliged to employ two men where one would be enough. It seems hard that a suitor, having a simple case to lay before the Courts, and knowing some barrister intimately, may not instruct that advocate to plead for him without further ceremony. Etiquette, indeed, answers that a man wanting medicine goes to a doctor for a prescription, and not straight to a chemist; but a man may go straight to the chemist if he pleases, whereas he is not free to use the services of a barrister without those of the latter's middleman, the solicitor. The present system, in fact, would have its parallel in the medical profession if a patient could not get a prescription without applying to a therapeutic office and paying a fee to have his symptoms stated for him on blue paper. The argument that barristers can be better instructed by solicitors than by clients would be worth something if they always read their briefs; but a barrister in good practice only studies the briefs in cases which he considers very important, and for the others he takes his instructions by word of mouth from his clerk, or else gathers the points of the case from the opening statement of the counsel on the other side. It happens pretty often that when a client has paid enormously to have his case written out on a hundred folio pages, the barrister after all masters the affair in a quarter of an hour from a conversation with the client himself just before going into Court. In every country but this, suitors are left to judge for themselves whether they require one, two, or half-a-dozen lawyers to help them out of a difficulty. Our more punctilious legal customs simply add to the cost of getting justice.

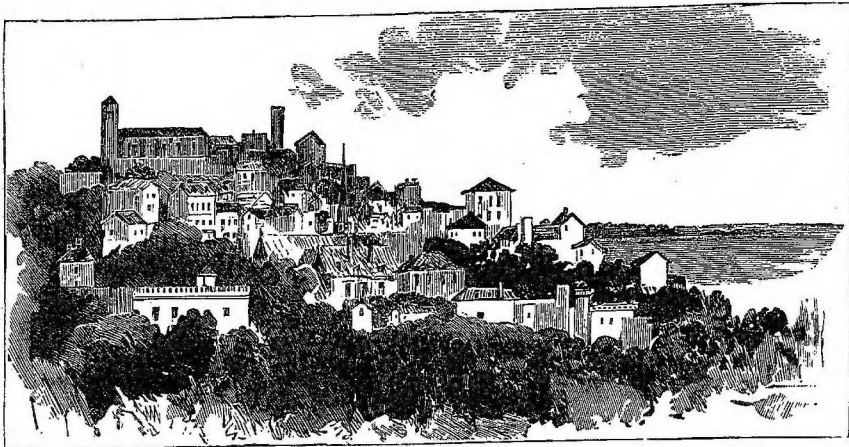
PRINCE BISMARCK.—On Tuesday Prince Bismarck entered his seventieth year, and in the course of the week he has obtained abundant indirect proof that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he has lost none of his popularity. The majority of his countrymen are as proud of him as they ever were, and certainly they have good reason to be so if they value the security and the greatness of the German Empire. There may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of those parts of his policy which led to the creation of the Empire; but about his foresight, skill, and energy in maintaining peace since the conclusion of the Treaty of Frankfort, there cannot be any dispute among reasonable men. Since the time of the First Napoleon no statesman has possessed such vast power; and for thirteen years he has not once used it in a manner of which even his enemies have been able to complain. Fortunately, he intends to retain the office of Imperial Chancellor; but his position in the Prussian Ministry he proposes to resign. Perhaps it would be well for Germany if he would not only withdraw from the Prussian Cabinet, but absolutely cease to exercise any influence over its proceedings. For Prince Bismarck, with all his genius as a Foreign Minister, has never shown much aptitude for the details of domestic legislation. His Socialist schemes, which he advocates with great earnestness, please nobody; and, if they became law, they would probably excite among the working classes vague hopes of a kind that Parliaments cannot gratify. His real work is in diplomacy, and there are few Germans who would not be well pleased if for the future he confined himself wholly to the control of international relations.

WILL THE POPE LEAVE ROME?—The Allocution pronounced by Leo XIII. at the recent Consistory has been published, with the original text, it is said, considerably revised and softened down. In its present form it contains no hint of any intention to leave Rome, but the sharpness and severity of its tone recall rather the utterances of Pius IX. than those of the present cautious Pontiff. The wrath of the Pope appears to have been aroused by a somewhat prosaic incident, namely, the insistence of the Italian Government that the 400,000*l.* belonging to the Propaganda should be invested in Italian Rentes. To the ideas of Englishmen or Americans this certainly seems a very high-handed proceeding. Fancy our Government insisting that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should invest its trust funds in Consols! Yet the cases are fairly analogous, unless the spiritual independence of the Church of Rome in Italy is a sham. This subject, however, is to non-Romanists of less interest than the question whether the Pope is really going to leave Rome. It speaks well for the politic management of successive Italian Ministries that the Monarchy and the Papacy have managed to live side by side for fourteen years. The King, having won, could afford to be amiable; but the Pope, who had lost, could not but feel bitter. The seizure of Rome in 1870 was an act of most questionable morality. But it was part of a series of spoliations which had been carried on since the Garibaldian rising, and it is only justifiable on the plea that it was absolutely necessary for the unification of Italy. Unquestionably the Pope would lose much by leaving Rome. He would be leaving the birthplace of the Papacy; he could nowhere else secure so vast and so characteristic a Palace as the Vatican; the Church, whose chief officers have been mainly Italians, would gradually lose its local colouring, and become as cosmopolitan as the modern Italian opera. All this, however, although it might detract from the picturesqueness, might add to the strength of the Roman Church, whose most faithful adherents nowadays are to be found in countries far away from Rome—in Ireland, in North America, in Australia. But the Italians, even when Freethinkers, are rather proud of their Pope, and it is not unlikely that, if matters come to a crisis, they would rather make some concessions than let him depart for a foreign country.

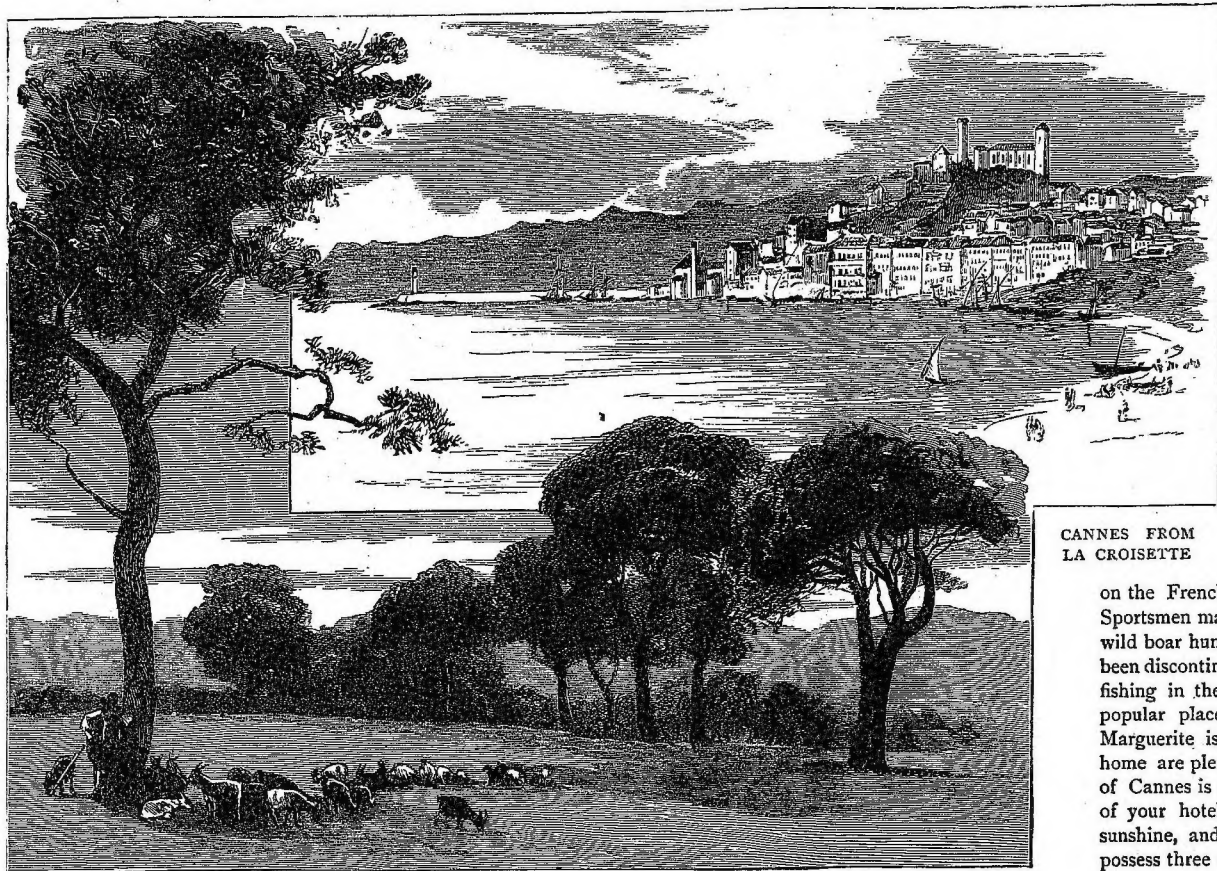
GRAVEYARD PLAYGROUNDS.—The movement for converting disused graveyards into gardens is certainly a good one; but a visit to some of the burial-places which have of late years been made useful in this way, will rather shock people who hold that there is sanctity in the ground where the men of old time sleep. A notice-board at the gate of the graveyard always sets forth that children are not to play among the tombs. But some attendant ought to be on duty to enforce these rules; and when this is not the case there is a great deal of playing among the tombs by very dirty boys and girls, whose games and language are far from nice. Scarcely a day passes without bringing to our old London churchyards people from the country, from the colonies, from America, who are anxious to find some records of their ancestry; and for the sake of these persons the churchyards should not be degraded into playgrounds. Again, better care should be taken to keep loafing children out of some of the large cemeteries. Afflicted men and women standing beside the open earth which is soon to enclose a loved relation desire in these cruel moments when emotion masters them to be among friends only; and it is a most painful thing that they should be stared at by the same kind of crowds which cluster round a Punch and Judy show. This trial is one they too often have to endure.

CANNES

THE town of Cannes, now connected with such sad memories to English people by the death of the Duke of Albany, and one of the most favourite of the Riviera resorts, lies on the Golfe de la Napoule of the Mediterranean, in the Department of the Maritime Alps. Though situated in a valley, and well protected by hills, Cannes is not so closely shut in as most of her neighbours, the mountains, particularly the Esterel range to the north, being at some distance from the coast. Thus the climate is more bracing, while the town has spread widely over the district, ranging over a frontage of four miles from the Château de la Bocca at the western end, to the Château Scott, near the Point of La Croisette at the eastern extremity. One of the finest views of Cannes and the neighbourhood may be had from La Croisette, whence can be seen the town and the surrounding villages inland, the Cape of Antibes, and the Golfe Jouan to the east, and across the sea the island of Ste. Marguerite, of Bazaine and the Man in the Iron Mask fame. It is said that La Croisette was named from a small iron cross placed among the pine-trees, but this has now disappeared, although the relics of Richelieu's fortifications against the Spaniards still remain in the shape of portions of two round towers and earthworks.



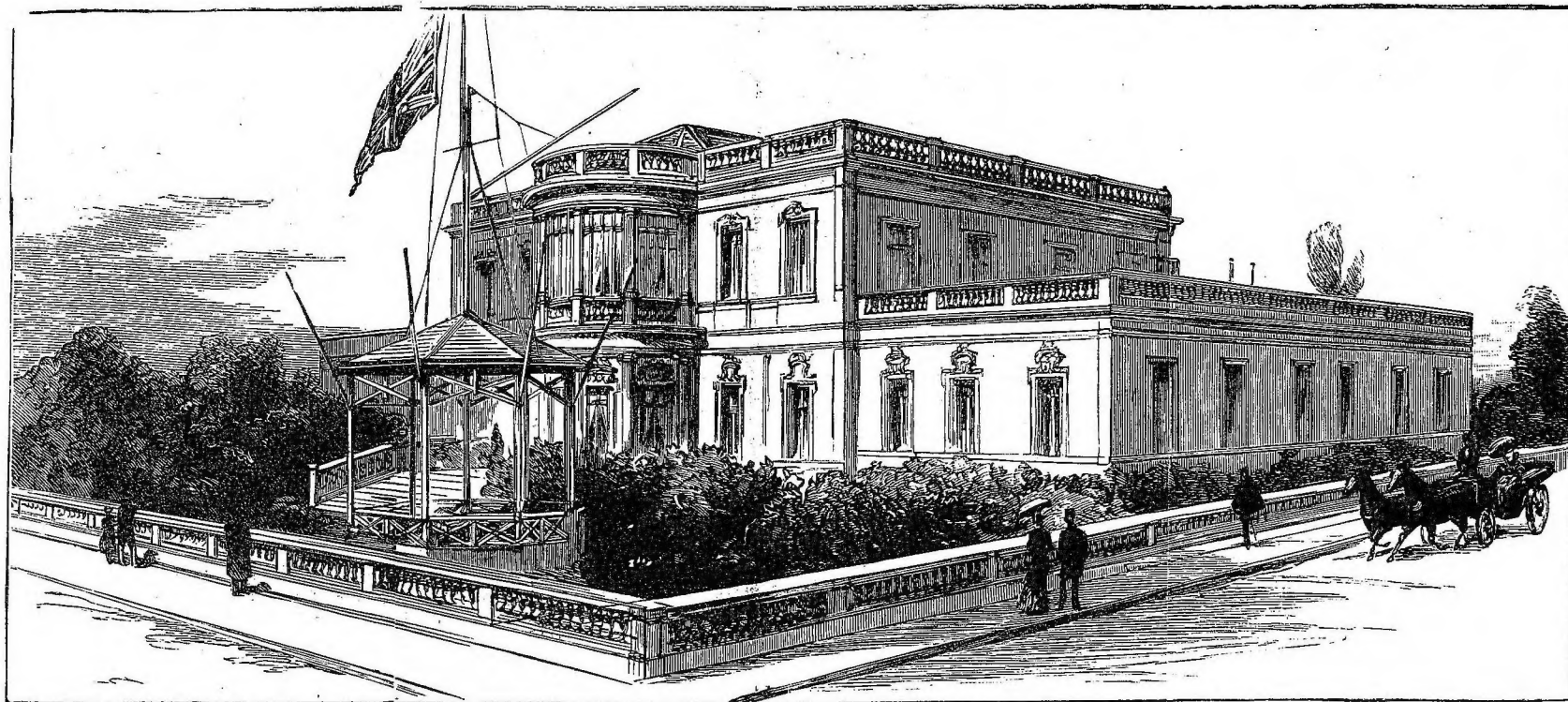
CANNES FROM HILL ON THE WEST SIDE

CANNES FROM
LA CROISSETTE

LA BOCCA

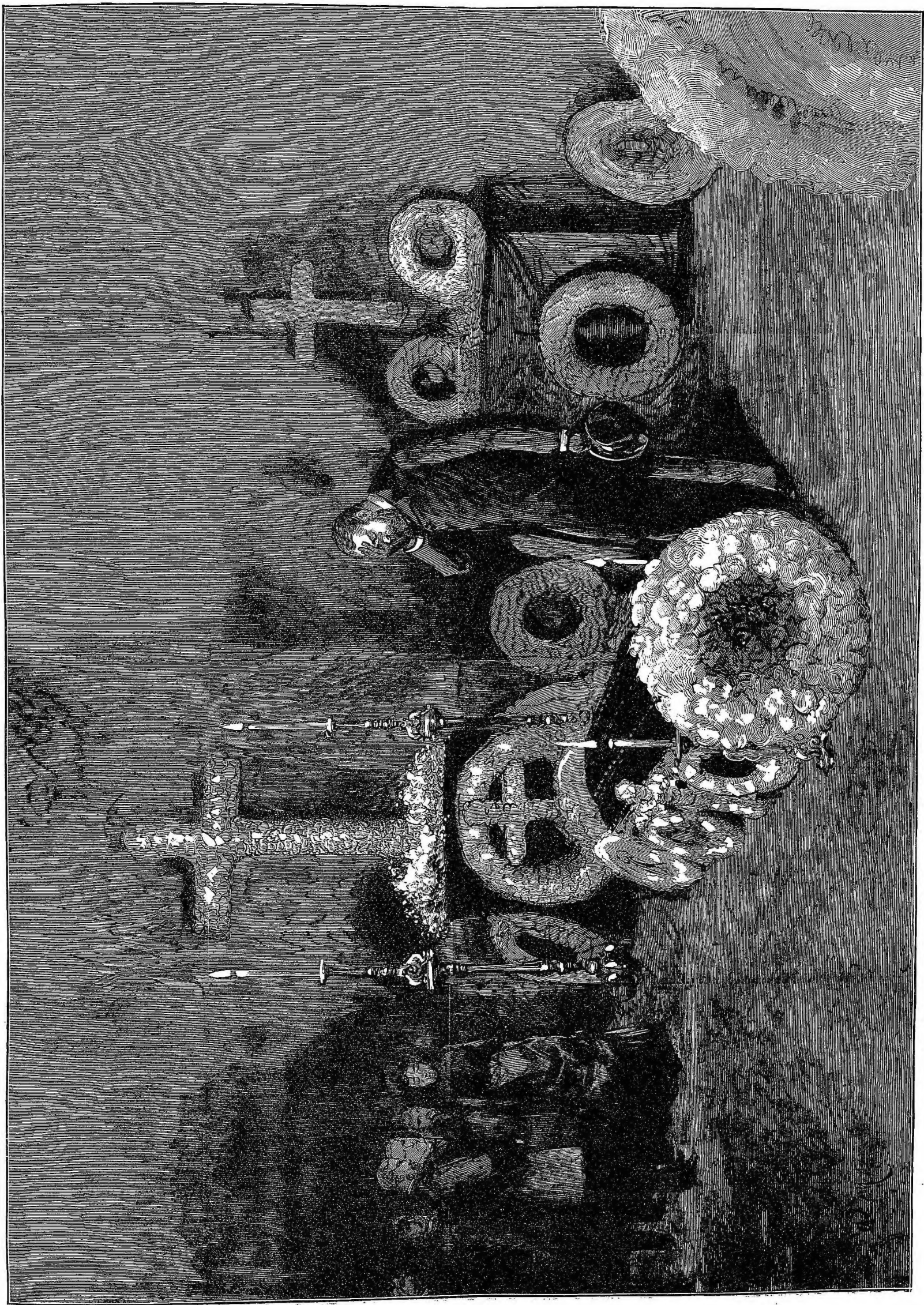
Cannes itself of late has become a town of hotels and villas, developed from its modest fishing existence of fifty years since, when Lord Brougham first brought the winter station into notice. As Cannes was then a mere village of poor houses, there is little of interest in the old town, and the attraction of the place, apart from reasons of health, lies in the beautiful situation and scenery around. The views of sea, mountain, and coast-line to be had on all sides are magnificent; the hills are thickly clothed with pines and other trees, vines and olives grow luxuriantly, and the orange tree is found in sheltered nooks. Flowers and shrubs known as hothouse plants in England flourish in profusion in the open air, and one of the chief industries of the district is cultivating flowers for perfumery. Another well-known local product is the Vallauris pottery. Cannes provides her visitors with due amusements by means of a theatre and the Cercle Nautique, where the Duke of Albany met with his fatal fall. This club is conducted

on the French system, and gives weekly *soirées*, small dances, &c. Sportsmen may find a little shooting in the mountains, and formerly wild boar hunts were organised in the Esterels; but these have lately been discontinued through the scarcity of the animals. There is little fishing in the tideless Mediterranean. From Cannes most of the popular places on the Riviera are within easy reach, the Île Ste. Marguerite is only a short sail, and interesting excursions close at home are plentiful. As Dean Alford says, "One great advantage of Cannes is that you have actual forest scenery within fifty yards of your hotel." Bracing as it is, Cannes enjoys remarkably hot sunshine, and, being spread over a considerable distance, is said to possess three or four climates.



THE CERCLE NAUTIQUE, WHERE THE DUKE MET WITH THE ACCIDENT THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—VIEWS AT CANNES



THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE IN THE VILLA NEVADA, CANNES

"In Memoriam"—Prince Leopold.

MARCH 28, 1884.

O CITY OF FLOWERS, whose arms embrace

The blue width of the tideless sea,

What tears have marred thy smiling face!

How has great mourning fallen on thee!

We held thee as a charmed spot

Where coy Health bloomed at Hope's gay breath.

Lo! in a moment Hope is not,

And Health gives up her wreath to Death!

We gave him to the Southern land,

In hope of joyful, healthful gain.

No prescience laid a warning hand

Son, Husband, Father to retain.

He sought the tender, spring-like air,

The soft, sweet influence of the sun:

And Death stole on him unaware,

Life's work, Life's joys but scarce begun.

Son, Husband, Father! with his name

We link these gentlest names of men:

No trumpet blast of warrior fame

Exalts him o'er our common ken—

No fierce bright light of public gaze

Beats on him: lying there at rest

We see him with his Home's soft rays

Like springtime sunshine on his breast.

And those who knew him best can tell,

With eyes that kindle as they speak,

How, where he came, the sunbeams fell

On high and lowly, strong and weak.

No soul but felt the gracious power

Of Self, suppressed at Will's command,

Of Patience, born in Pain's dark hour,

Of tender heart, and ready hand.

The tongue that ever spoke to prove

Goodwill and Peace for human cheer;

The keen, fine brain that soared above

Earth's usual sordid atmosphere;

The hearing ear, the seeing eye

Were his—and ours to prize and share;

Though all his own the pain-wrung sigh,

The Cross that none might help to bear!

To Those, his nearest, who are left

To feel each day their need increase,

May the Good God of Souls bereft

Bring His unfathomable Peace.

And, though their home be void and cold

To mourning mother, weeping wife,

'Twas theirs, 'tis theirs for aye, to hold

The "white flower of his blameless life!"

G. B. S.

into a mortuary, the whole of the structure being draped with black cloth and crape. The deck of the vessel, with the new ornamental gilding on the sides, stem, and stern, was also covered with the same material. The *Osborne* left on Tuesday morning for Cherbourg, accompanied by the Royal yacht *Alberta* and the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, both of which also had their embellishments draped for the occasion.

THE VILLA NEVADA, CANNES

THIS villa, the residence of Captain and Miss Perceval, with whom the Duke of Albany was staying at the time of his death, is situated on very high ground. It is an unpretentious little building, but commands, especially from the seaward windows, a glorious panorama. At this season of the year the winding mountain road leading to the villa is fragrant with blossoming shrubs and sweet-



The Staircase in the Cercle Nautique where the Duke fell

smelling spring flowers. The villa has a charming little garden full of flowers. A young palm tree was planted there by the Duke during his stay—a sad memento of his fatal visit.

AUTOGRAPH OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

MR. HEMERY, to whom we are indebted for the loan of the Duke's handwriting, writes thus:—"The autograph of H.R.H. is

Buckingham Palace
Leopold

from a communication made personally to his photographer, Mr. Hemery, of Peckham. The usual mode of addressing the public

by Royalty is through a secretary, but H.R.H. paid a compliment to the nobility of art when he expressed his satisfaction with the artist's work with his own hand."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE

THERE is a magnificent prospect from the room selected as the mortuary chamber. The body of the deceased Prince was dressed for the coffin in a frock coat of violet satin (which had doubtless been worn at the Battle of Flowers), and ornamented with violet and white satin bows, with white lace draped over all. The insignia of the Garter were placed on the breast, on one of the hands was the betrothed ring given by the Duchess, and on the wrist a gold bracelet which he always wore. The room had been hung with black, and the carpet covered with black cloth. The coffin was almost hidden by flowers and wreaths, and indeed the whole chamber was filled with these votive offerings. On the wreath sent by the Queen was inscribed "From his devoted, sorrowing mother." The coffin, which is of lead, quilted with silk, was enclosed with a glass cover, so that the body could be seen. The face had a peaceful look; the lips were slightly parted.

The members of the Orleans family, headed by the Comte de Paris, visited the mortuary chamber of the late Duke on Friday, the 28th ult. The Count, who was much affected, also paid a second visit on the following day.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Cannes on Monday, and at once drove to the Villa Edelweiss. After a short rest he proceeded to the Villa Nevada. The Prince was deeply affected on entering the mortuary chamber, and stood for a considerable time in silent grief before the coffin.

VIEWS IN CANNES

See page 320.

THE SOUDAN—THE BATTLE OF TAMASI

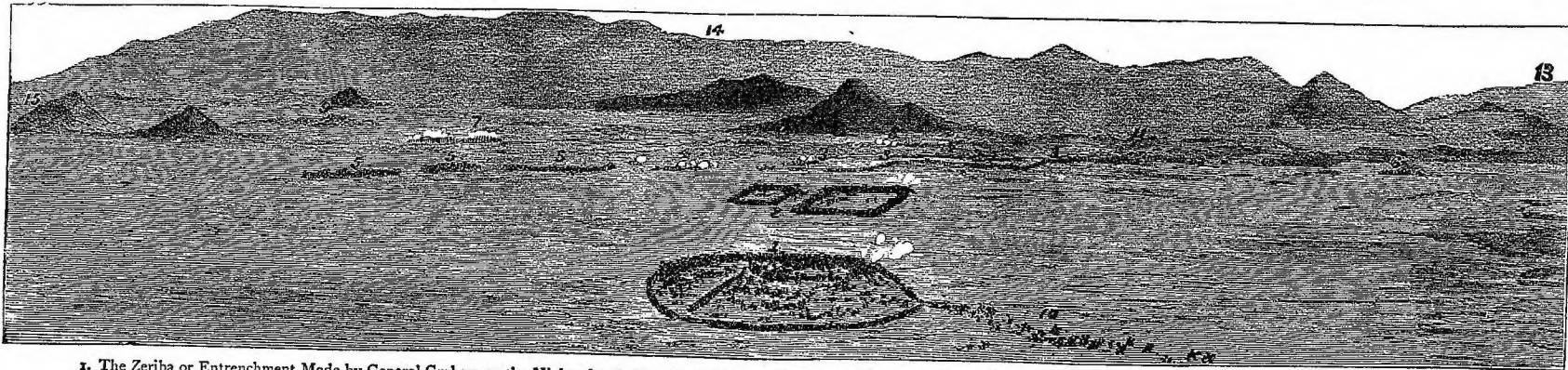
ON Tuesday, March 11th, General Graham and his troops began their advance upon Osman Digma's camp at Tamsi, and marched to a zeriba which had been prepared on the site of Baker Pasha's zeriba at Samanis, about nine miles from Suakim. Next day a further advance of eight miles was made to Tamanhid, where another zeriba was formed, in which the infantry and artillery bivouacked, the cavalry being sent back to Baker's zeriba for the night, on account of want of water. The troops were now actually face to face with the advance guard of the enemy, who kept up a desultory fire throughout the night, doing little damage beyond disturbing the rest of our men, one man, however, being killed. At six on Thursday morning the enemy were saluted with some shots from the Gardner and 9-pounder gun, and retired. Two hours later the cavalry arrived, and our whole force began their advance. In this, as throughout the march from Suakim, the force was divided in two echeloned squares instead of one solid formation, which, owing to the broken ground, would have been dangerously unwieldy and liable to be broken. The First Brigade was commanded by General Buller, and comprised the Gordon Highlanders, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and a camel battery. The Second, which marched in advance, and with which was General Graham and his Staff, was commanded by General Davis, and comprised the Black Watch (42nd), York and Lancaster Regiment (65th), Marines, and Blue-jackets, with Gardners and Gatlings.

The road was exceedingly difficult, lying across dry water-courses in the direction of a deep nullah, and the second square somewhat lost the solidity of its formation. The enemy, sheltered behind some rising ground, suddenly appeared in sight, close upon the edge of the nullah, and swept upon the square with that dauntless courage for which they have so distinguished themselves. "There was not time," writes the *Times* correspondent, "to get the guns of the Naval Brigade through the first line into position. A charge was ordered, but the savages swept round each flank, burst through it, and pressed it back. The Black Watch suffered terribly, the men being speared from behind and before. Thrice the naval officers commanding the machine guns were surrounded, and at last they and many of their men were cut to pieces. The York and Lancaster regiment were hardly less ferociously attacked." Indeed, in the charge, the 42nd and 65th had become somewhat separated, so that the right corner and part of the right flank was left open, free, in fact, to the onset of the Soudanese. Moreover, it appears that our men, despite the orders of the officers, could not be induced to reserve their fire or to aim carefully. Consequently a dense smoke had been created, under cover of which the enemy were enabled to steal right upon the square, while their number and movements could hardly be seen. "Creeping up under cover of the smoke and sloping ground," writes



DRAPING THE ROYAL YACHTS

THE Royal yacht *Osborne*, which had just completed her outfit for the Queen's intended trip to Germany, was on Monday prepared at Portsmouth to convey the remains of the late Duke of Albany from Cherbourg. The pavilion on the deckhouse aft was converted



1. The Zeriba or Entrenchment Made by General Graham on the Night of 11th March, Which the Rebels Attacked During the Night with Rifle-fire from One o'Clock up to Six o'Clock in the Morning.
2. The Two British Squares.—3. The Rebels Coming Up from the River Tamanieb, and Firing from the Bushes Against the Abyssinian Scouts and Our Troops.—4. Position of the Abyssinian Scouts Under the Command of Mr. Wild, Firing on the Advance Guard of the Rebels.—5. The Cavalry Ready for Action.—6. The Rebels Coming Up from the River to Attack the Zeriba where the Commissariat and Ordnance Stores Were Kept. The Garrison Fired at the Enemy, and they Soon Retired.—7. Rebels Firing.—8. Rebels with a Mountain Gun Firing Against Us.—9. Village of Tamsi, where Osman Digma Was with Women and Prisoners Taken at Sinkat. Osman Fled During the Night of 12th March.—10. Egyptian Camel and Mule Drivers Flying During the Action in Great Disorder Towards Suakim.—11. The Village of Tamanieb Behind the Hill, where Osman Digma Kept His Ammunition, &c.—12. The Khor Tamanieb, or River Tamanieb.—13. Behind this Mountain is Sinkat, About 25 Miles North-West from Tamanieb.—14. The Mountain Erkawet, or Arkawit, Whither Osman Digma Was Supposed to Have Fled.—15. The Village of Hamoy.

THE SOUDAN—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF TAMASI, MARCH 13
From a Sketch Made During the Battle by an Egyptian Official in the British Service

the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "they dashed at the Marines and 65th. . . . Quick as lightning the rush increased, and in less time than it takes to tell the 65th gave way, falling back upon the marines. To their credit be it ever said that many men disdained to run, but went back with their faces to the foe, firing, and striking with their bayonets. The bulk of the regiment crowded in upon the marines, throwing them into disorder, until everybody was borne in a confused mass, men and regiments being inextricably mixed up."

General Graham and his Staff tried hard to rally their men, and General Davis worked strenuously to induce the troops to stand their

ground. Still the Arabs pressed on, however, and the retreat continued, the Marines and Highlanders fighting back to back. The Naval Brigade, as we have said, fought with the utmost courage, but eventually, after losing three officers, Lieutenants Almack, Montresor, and Houston Stewart, were compelled to retreat, locking their guns, however, before leaving them so as to render them practically useless. The retreat was thus continued for 800 yards, when the cavalry, under General Stewart, which had been held echeloned in reserve, perceiving the peril of the position, swept down, led by Colonel Wood, upon the foe. "There was not a cloud in the sky," writes the *Times* correspondent, "and the sabres,

nearly 700 in-number, flashed in a line of blinding light. The enemy could be seen pausing and standing singly, or in little groups like deer startled by a sportsman. Once, twice, thrice, they looked about them and stared again, and then the sight became too terrible, they began to retreat. . . . Colonel Wood sounded a halt, dismounted his men, and plied the wavering savages with carbine fire." By this time also the First Brigade, under General Buller, had advanced to the assistance of the Second Brigade, and completed the enemy's discomfiture by a hot flanking fire. The Second Brigade was then rallied, and the two squares advanced steadily upon the enemy, regained the lost ground, the Bluejackets

by a splendid charge recaptured the guns, and the combined forces poured a raking fire in the nullah, which speedily drove the Arabs across to the other side. The First Brigade then crossed the nullah (about sixty feet deep and 200 yards in width), and rushing across the intervening ground, some 800 yards, carried the ridge which commanded the Valley of Tamasi, where Osman Digma's headquarters had been established. The enemy now had completely retreated from the village, the only living inhabitant being a poor wounded negress. After a short rest, and a hearty and welcome drink out of the wells, depicted in a sketch forwarded to us by Major G. D. Giles, the troops burnt part of the village, recrossed the nullah, and with the Second Brigade returned to the zeriba. Thence, next day, March 14, they again marched to Tamasi, and burnt large quantities of stores and ammunition which the Arabs had left behind. Our loss in the battle amounted to 105 men and five officers killed, and 103 men and eight officers wounded. The enemy's loss amounted to about 3,000 men, of whom 600 were found on the site of the desperate struggle which ensued on the breaking of the square. When the square was broken the news spread to the zeriba that we were defeated, and a stream of camel and mule drivers at once began to flow towards Suakin, as shown in Mr. Mosconas' sketch above.

FUGITIVES FROM TOKAR

THIS, a sketch after the second Battle of Teb, needs little reference. It represents the inhabitants of Tokar, released from the thrall of Osman Digma and his Arabs, coming into Trinkitat under British protection.

BUILDING THE ZERIBA

A ZERIBA is an enclosure of which the sides are formed of prickly brushwood, in which a force is thus able to camp comparatively safe from sudden surprise. Then for the bivouac on the night before the battle the prickly bushes were cut down, and inside this the troops fenced themselves—men, horses, ambulances, commissariat trains, mules, and camels. "My sketch," writes Mr. Villiers, "represents the pioneers cutting down bushes and forming a curtain round the British square on the evening before the battle."

THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIGHT

"MAJOR TURNER," writes Mr. Villiers, "took his camel corps out from the zeriba and collected the dead, slung them two in a net on either side of his camels, and returned to the camp. The enemy fired a few shots at the convoy, but without effect." Here we may mention that the various correspondents ran most serious risks during this battle, and indeed the campaign has been exceptionally arduous to the Fourth Estate. Mr. Villiers writes, "I never, in any affair, during my 'special' career, have been in more peril in getting authentic material for your paper."

REMINISCENCES OF AN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE

THESE engravings require no explanation, but we may take this opportunity of calling attention to the volume entitled "Records of the University Boat Race." This work, which is published by Messrs. Bickers and Son, was fully reviewed by us last year. A new edition has been seasonably brought out just on the eve of the great annual contest. It is revised by Mr. G. T. Treherne, who, together with Mr. J. H. D. Goldie, the well known "coach," edited the original book. The Universities' Boat Race (the plural term is more correct, though the present authors do not adopt it) has wonderfully grown in popularity since 1829, the year of its inception, and in some respects it more completely deserves the title of "Isthmian Games" than the Derby, so styled by Lord Palmerston. The public are interested, partly because it is an athletic contest between a select body of young men, some of whom will probably rise to eminence in other walks of life, and partly because, what is not always the case in aquatics, strength and skill are in this struggle allowed thorough fair play. Long may the Boat Race thus continue, and far distant be the time when, as *Punch* suggests, it will be decided by a couple of champions tugging, in the same boat, in opposite directions on a fish pond! And now a word about this book. Boat Race enthusiasts who have not seen it should get it. They will treasure it. They will find in it a minute account of every race since 1829, a complete biography of all old Blues, poems, and various other items of interest.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 333.

WAITING FOR THE WAGGON

WITHIN the memory of living persons there were plenty of these picturesque old inn-yards, with their wooden galleries, to be found in London and its precincts. In such a yard as this the immortal Mr. Pickwick, if we remember rightly, first made acquaintance with the equally immortal Samuel Weller; and we call to mind a caricature of the same period in which a susceptible commercial traveller, well-stricken in years, has selected one of these galleries as the scene of a proposal of marriage. He has gone down on his knees before a fascinating chambermaid, who, warming-pan in hand, exclaims, "Lor, Mr. Filkins; I thought you was quite another sort of gentleman!" The period of our picture dates further back, say, about the end of the last century, when umbrellas (first carried by the eccentric Jonas Hanway) began to come into fashion. We ourselves can remember when on the Portsmouth Road—in the pre-railway era—there were three kinds of public conveyances, roughly corresponding to the first, second, and third-class of the London and South-Western. The coach, which bowled along at the rate of some ten miles an hour, was for the well-to-do; the van, a clumsier and heavier vehicle, more like the Continental diligence, spent two days on the road, and often longer in the winter; while the waggon (of which we read so much in Smollett and other writers of that day) was patronised by soldiers, sailors, servant maids, and such like, and was a week in accomplishing its leisurely journey. But in those days people saw something of the people and the scenery amid which they travelled; now they might almost as well be shot through a pneumatic tube.

COLOMBO TO SUEZ via BOMBAY

No. 1. As a rule punkahs are arranged so that the punkah-wallahs are not seen, especially in a church, but in this instance they are stationed in the principal entrance.

No. 2. The streets in the native quarter of Bombay being very narrow, bicyclists generally keep to the open roads or esplanades, but they are occasionally to be met with in the town itself. The youth in the sketch is a Parsee, and probably a student.

No. 3. Near the town of Suez the best path is a track alongside the railway line, which is unfenced, and the incident in No. 3 happened to one of our passengers who was unlucky enough to be mounted on a peculiarly obstinate animal.

No. 4. A cummerbund is a sash, consisting in its simplest form of a strip of cotton or silk several yards long, and from one to two feet wide. It is supposed to be useful as a preventive against cholera, and is always worn by Anglo-Indians when sleeping out of doors or on deck at night.

No. 5. Colombo is the head-quarters of the curio seller on this route. They are persistent to the last degree. They refuse to take no for an answer, and violence has sometimes to be resorted to.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. S. Begg.



THE Court has been thrown into the deepest mourning by the death of the Duke of Albany. Full particulars appear in another column, but we may mention here that, though completely overcome at first by the news, the Queen and the Duchess of Albany have not suffered materially in health, and remain fairly well. Her Majesty was unable to visit and console the Duchess immediately on learning of her son's death, and remained at the Castle, where the ex-Empress Eugénie shortly visited the Queen, but on Saturday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice went to Claremont, and stayed some hours with the Duchess. The Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor spent most of Sunday at Windsor Castle, and the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne stayed the night, leaving on Monday afternoon. Princess Christian visited Her Majesty during the day, and on Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice again went to Claremont to see the Duchess. On Wednesday Earl Sydney and Lord Kensington had audiences of the Queen, and presented addresses of condolence from the House of Lords and House of Commons on the death of the Duke of Albany. Her Majesty intended to receive her son's remains on their arrival at Windsor Station yesterday (Friday), and will be present at the Duke's funeral in St. George's Chapel to-day (Saturday), occupying the Royal pew. The Duchess of Albany was also anxious to attend, but has been strongly advised not to do so, as she is in very delicate health, expecting her *accouchement* in a few weeks. It is also doubtful whether she will go to Windsor Castle or remain at Claremont, where she has been joined by her mother, the Princess of Waldeck, and her sister, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Prince of Waldeck being also expected. Princess Christian, who broke the news, and Princess Louise have also been constantly at Claremont.

Returning immediately to town from Liverpool on learning the Duke of Albany's death, the Prince of Wales only remained in London long enough to accompany the Princess to see the Duchess of Albany, and started on Saturday night direct for Cannes. He arrived early on Monday, being met at the station by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Comte de Paris, and went straight to the Villa Nevada to see his brother's remains. He had wished to start on the return journey the same evening, but was so worn out by grief and fatigue that he stayed the night at Mr. Lumley's house, the Villa Edelweiss, visiting the Orleans Princes during the afternoon, and receiving the French authorities. On Tuesday morning a brief religious service was performed over the Duke of Albany's remains at the Villa Nevada, and the funeral procession started immediately, the Prince of Wales following as chief mourner. The whole of Cannes was in mourning, and the route was lined with troops, although the funeral was kept as private as possible at the Prince's desire. The funeral party travelled straight to Paris, stopping for a few moments at Marseilles for the officials to greet the Prince, and arrived in Paris on Wednesday morning. Here the Prince took a short rest at the Embassy, and the party again left for Cherbourg, where the Duke's body was placed on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and, escorted by the *Enchantress* and *Alberta*, crossed the Channel to Portsmouth. It was expected that the body would be landed yesterday (Friday) morning, and brought straight to Windsor, where it will lie in the Albert Memorial Chapel until to-day. The funeral service will then be performed in St. George's Chapel, and the body subsequently laid in the crypt of the Albert Memorial Chapel with the remains of other members of the Royal Family. Owing partly to St. George's being under repair, the funeral party will be small; but the Crown Prince of Germany and the Grand Duke of Hesse come over to attend, while the Comte de Paris accompanies the Prince of Wales. Mourning will be worn by the Court till May 11th, general mourning being ordered for three weeks, while most of the foreign Courts have put on mourning. All engagements of the Royal Family have also been postponed, and the Royal wedding at Darmstadt has been deferred, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the bridegroom-elect, having come back to England at once.

The Duke of Edinburgh was to leave Crete on Tuesday for Phaleron. The Duchess has gone to Eastwell, being unable to attend the Duke of Albany's funeral, as she also shortly expects her *accouchement*.—Prince George of Wales, in the *Canada*, has been at St. Vincent, and was expected at St. Kitts on Tuesday, the vessel acting as senior officer's ship in the Barbadoes division. The *Canada* goes to Bermuda early next month.



THE much to be deplored death of Prince Leopold has cast a shadow over our land which will not soon be lifted. The official command from the Lord Chamberlain for a general, as well as a Court mourning, has been responded to most fully, and we see nothing but black, grey, and white in our streets and public places; whilst all our principal shops are dressed with the same sombre hues. With a view to assist our readers in their arrangements for mourning attire, we visited a well-known establishment devoted to that branch of dress. In this case crape is dispensed with, excepting for the relatives and immediate friends of the deceased Duke. Black should form the foundation of the costume, but grey, white, and violet may be used for trimmings, &c. Steel grey cashmere, or silk trimmed with black silk or velvet, is admissible; so is a costume of pure white muslin, serge, cashmere, or silk, with black ornaments. Violet also may be sparingly used, but only for trimmings. Lace and jet are the leading trimmings this season, together with *passementerie* of the richest and costliest description. The numerous shades of slate and smoke-grey cashmere, some of them so dark as to approach black, are very much worn just now trimmed with velvet or plush of the same hue, with bonnets and gloves to match. Amongst a great number of costumes we saw a dress of black Mascotte silk and net covered with small hanging loops of jet beads; down each seam was a row of beads. Another very rich costume was of black satin, the tablier elaborately trimmed with a design in silk *appliqué* and jet; from the throat came a black lace scarf which hung gracefully to the waist in loose folds, and was then passed round to the back, where it was finished off with fan-shaped bows; the effect was very good.—A charming dinner dress was composed of white satin and very rich *gros grain* with Chantilly lace; the bodice had a long point in front, and was finished at the back with very full drapery. A second dinner dress was made with a number of lace flounces on a satin foundation put on in vandycks, reaching to just above the knees; from thence the skirt was trimmed with cross bars of jet and small tassels, drapery of grenadine. The most elegant costume which we have seen for

some time past came from Worth's, of Paris; it was made of the richest silver grey satin, elaborately embroidered in light steel beads, and trimmed with Brussels lace outlined with spangles, which had a most original effect; the upper dress and train were of *broché* silk, with a bold design of knots and black velvet; over a close-fitting net sleeve was a second sleeve in the shape of a shell caught together with chains of jet beads, which looked most graceful.—A dress of smoke grey Bengaline, trimmed with *broché* velvet, made with a very stylish polonaise, looked remarkably elegant.—The tea gowns were very stylish. One in particular was made of silver grey poplin with a train, bodice and wide panels at the side of black brocaded grenadine; the front was arranged with a very full blouse of poplin, large hanging sleeves, and lace under-sleeves fitting close to the arm.—A grey canvas gown was embroidered in black, a blouse front of black satin, trimmed with a profusion of lace.—A grey cashmere gown with a satin front made in full puffs from the throat to the hem, trimmed with lily lace.—A black satin gown had a front in black and white check silk, artistically draped.—A Surah silk gown was made simply, trimmed down the front and round the hem with a six-inch flounce of jetted lace. This design looks well in grey.

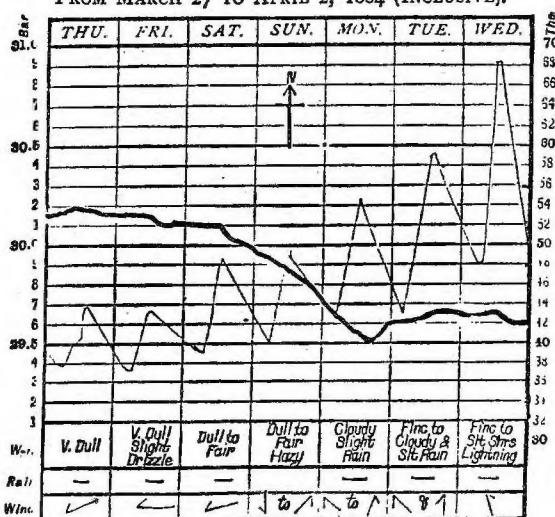
The mantles are particularly handsome this season. By the way, the high-shouldered style is now discarded, and the square shoulders are again fashionable. A mantle from Pingat's was of Ottoman silk, very richly embroidered in a bold pattern of pines in small steel beads. From Henthaar's came a strikingly-elegant mantle of satin frieze, a new material which is very much used for mourning; it was trimmed with a *ruche* fringe. A mantle, which will prove equally appropriate for in or out of mourning, was made of alternate stripes of velvet and wire grenadine; in front was a long lace scarf. Many of the spring mantles are made with long square ends, and only reaching to the waist at the back, in order to display the dress drapery. A stylish jacket was made with long loose front, deep flounces at the back, edged with rat's-tail fringe, which is the finest chenille manufactured.

The bonnets which are worn most generally for morning toilette are of chip or fine straw, simply trimmed with *faillie*. For dress occasions they are made of jet, feathers, and lace; of black lace, with feathers and aigrettes; French mauve (a new colour) velvet and jet. A very stylish bonnet was made of steel net, butterflies, black velvet, and jet beads. Another was of white velvet, covered with black lace and *faillie*. A third was of white net, embroidered in white jet, and outlined with black beads.

Before mid-month the mourning costumes will in many cases have given place to more festive attire.

We learn from very reliable Parisian authority that the fashions for spring are less eccentric and more ladylike than they have been for some time past. Cats and owls, rats and mice, and other vermin are banished from hats and bonnets, the leading trimmings for which are in gold or silver network; very pretty effects are produced with golden wheat and buttercups mixed with spring flowers, in satin or velvet, on bonnets of net outlined with gold thread. Butterflies and brilliant-hued beetles are still very much worn, the former sometimes exact imitations of Nature, in velvet or satin, hand-painted in colour, the latter in burnished gold or steel; or the veritable insects themselves, brought expressly from their tropical homes. Bonnets are more varied in shape and material than ever; some are still very small and close-fitting to the head; others with raised fronts and high trimmings to correspond with the present mode of dressing the hair. Amongst the revivals are crinoline straw bonnets; they are semi-transparent, and must be lined with a colour. Fancy straws of every description are worn this spring, trimmed with satin and velvet, tufts of ostrich tips, and marabout aigrettes. Hats are made with high crowns and narrow brims for the most part, but the more graceful and becoming boat-shape is sometimes adopted, they are often made with transparent crowns of net or tulle, for morning wear shot silk scarves, or handkerchiefs are twisted carelessly round the crown and fastened with pins. Unless the dress be black, when any coloured bonnet or hat may be worn with it, the entire costume must be of the same hue.

What are called "Soirées des Têtes" have been all the rage lately in Paris; the dress is of the ordinary evening description, but the head is arranged in some fanciful style. For example, a French leader of fashion recently appeared at a *soirée* as an old doctor of the eighteenth century; her hair was powdered, she wore large silver-rimmed spectacles and a three-cornered hat; she leant upon a cane, and was wrapped in a brown cloak. After a short time she removed the hat and spectacles, and looked charming in powder. Much amusement may be had out of these "Soirées des Têtes," and they are not so difficult to get up as a *bal costumé*.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM MARCH 27 TO APRIL 2, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).

EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The past week has witnessed a change from dull and dry weather, with cold easterly to north-easterly winds, to fine, though somewhat showery weather, with warm southerly winds. During the first part of the period an area of high pressure lay over Scandinavia, while relatively low pressure existed over the north of Spain. Cold winds, mostly from some point north of east, prevailed over the greater part of the country, with overcast and dry weather. On Sunday (30th ult.) a change in the distribution of pressure over our islands took place, for while the highest readings were still found in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Bothnia, an area of low pressure appeared off our western coasts, and gradients for moderate southerly winds became fairly general. The sky now gradually cleared, temperature rose quickly (clearly shown in accompanying diagram), the air became much softer, and fine weather set in at nearly all places. The barometer was highest (30.8 inches) on Thursday (27th ult.); lowest (29.5 inches) on Monday (31st ult.); range, 0.66 inch. Temperature was highest (68°) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (37°) on Friday (28th ult.); range, 31°. Early on Thursday (3rd inst.) there was a sharp thunderstorm.

CAVALRY BRIGADE IN SQUADRONS, SEVEN ECHELONS

MOUNTED INFANTRY

MARINES DOUBLING UP

SECOND BRIGADE SQUARE ENGAGED WITH THE ENEMY

OSMAN DUMA'S CAMP BEHIND THE RIDGE

NULLAH FROM WHICH THE ARABS MADE THEIR GREAT ATTACK ON THE SECOND BRIGADE SQUARE

FIRST BRIGADE SQUARE NOT YET ENGAGED



ABYSSINIAN SCOUTS RETIRING SLOWLY WITH A WOUNDED CHIEF

MR. SCUDAMORE, OF "THE TIMES," AND MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GALLOPING FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND BRIGADE

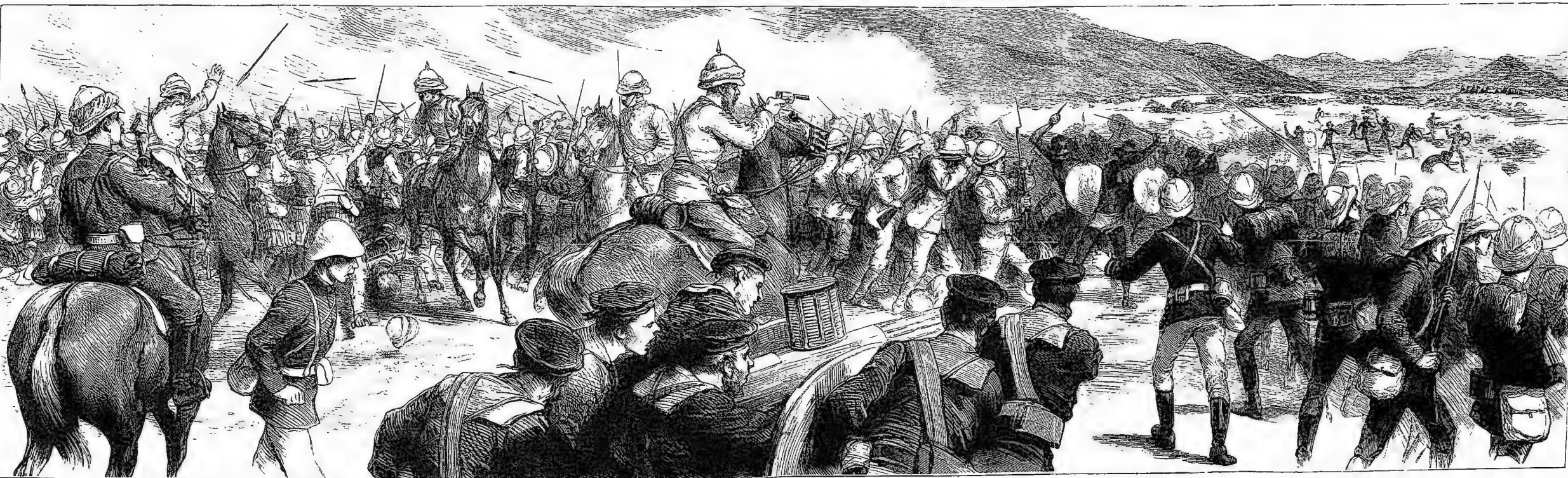
FLANK OF SQUARE MARCHING UP IN FOURS

CAMEL BATTERIES

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE

DIRECTION OF NULLAH FROM WHICH THE ARABS MADE THEIR ASSAULT

DIRECTION OF FIRST BRIGADE SQUARE



MEN OF THE FORTY-SECOND

BLUE-JACKETS RUNNING UP A GATLING

MEN OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH

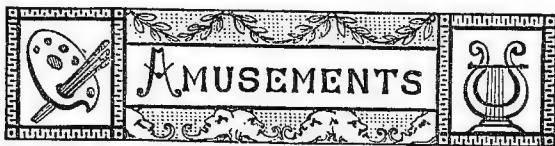
A CRITICAL MOMENT—THE ENEMY CHARGING THE SECOND BRIGADE SQUARE

"The line stopped short, and in a few moments the Arab rush took place, and the Highlanders and 65th were so closely packed together that they had hardly elbow room to use their weapons. The machine guns, which had been hurried up, were in action for a few brief moments only. . . . The Arabs poured in from every part of the slope, but more particularly along the shoulder of one of the ravines. A great cloud of them scudded swiftly along, each man with his body inclined forwards and downwards, and with his lance in rest. On reaching the square the Arabs jumped up, so to speak, to their full height, extended their shields, poised their spears aloft, and threw themselves on to the front and right flank of our square. No words can describe the demoniac rush of those tall, handsome, brown-skinned savages, with nothing but a spear, a stick, and not always a shield, upon some of the best disciplined and most renowned troops in the British army. Through the smoke and dust, with their bright spears gleaming, I saw them fall as they crowded onwards, swarm after swarm, with the disorder but with the single purpose of a horde of wild beasts. . . . Only three or four, however, really broke the square. They forced their path in by the gap created in the right front and right flank by the unequal advance of the battalions. They were killed as soon as they entered. The square was crushed inwards, not invaded—or, as it would be called, broken. And the Arabs crushed it in because they fell with such swift suddenness upon the Highlanders and 65th that the two latter, falling back in order to load and fire, became clubbed together."—*Daily News*, April 1st.

THE SOUDAN—THE BATTLE OF TAMASI; MARCH 18

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

NOTICE.—With this Number are issued as EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS a PORTRAIT of the late DUKE of ALBANY, a PORTRAIT GROUP of the DUKE and DUCHESS of ALBANY and the INFANT PRINCESS; and a DOUBLE PAGE ENGRAVING, entitled "REMINISCENCES of an OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE."



THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including M. FORTUNY'S Picture "IN THE VATICAN," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' NEW GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI." By EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CISEN'S Picture of "CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB," and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 58, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

HENLEY REGATTA. Painted by WALTER FIELD. Now ON VIEW at Messrs. DICKINSON'S, 114, New Bond Street, W. From 10 till dusk. Admission Free.

NEW PICTURES ON VIEW.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND. ARTISTS' PROOFS OF "HERE THEY COME." A Remarkably Clever Picture by BLINKS and PRATT.
THE YOUNG PRINCE. By ROSA BONHEUR and GILBERT.
HIS ONLY FRIEND. By BRITON RIVIERE and STEELE.
POMONA. By J. E. MULLAIS and S. COUSINS, R.A.
 Engravings of "WEDDED," "POMONA," "VIOLA," "HIS ONLY FRIEND," "SMOKER," "HARMONY," &c., 21s. each.
GEO. REES, Savoy House, 115, Strand, London. Near Waterloo Bridge.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT.—The Boat Express leaves Liverpool Street Station at 8.0 p.m. for Rotterdam and Antwerp every week day (Good Friday included). Passengers leaving Rotterdam at 6 p.m. and Antwerp at 4.30 p.m. on Monday are due in London at 6.50 a.m. on Tuesday.

FARES.

	1st Class	2nd Class
Rotterdam and Antwerp and Back	£2 9 0	£1 4 0
Rotterdam, Gouda, The Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Back	2 13 4	1 14 1
Antwerp, Brussels and Back	2 6 8	1 9 0

For tickets, time books, and information apply at 44, Regent Street, 48, Lime Street, or to the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
 ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 10th and 12th (2nd, 3rd, and 4th Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and on GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.—EASTER MONDAY.—ADDITIONAL TRAINS will leave London Bridge and Victoria after the Special Volunteer Trains.
 For full particulars of arrangements, for both the Public and Volunteers, see special programme and bills.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
 * The Company's General West End Booking Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar Square.
 Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.
 Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus.
 Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.
 Jakes's Office, "The Red Cap," Camden Town.
 Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove.
 Letts and Co., 33, King William Street, City.
 Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
 * These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 9th, 10th, and 12th.
 For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
 (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—OPEN EVERY EVENING with the new Farcical Comedy in Four Acts, by C. H. Hawtrey, called THE PRIVATE SECRETARY, at 8.30. Preceded by a Play-giarism in twenty minutes, called SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE at 8. For Cast see Daily Papers. Doors Open at 7.30. Box Office at the Theatre open Daily from 11 to 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Telephone, 3,700. No Fees or Gratuities.

ON GOOD FRIDAY, Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 8,

GRAND CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC
 Will be given by the Magnificent Choir and Orchestra of the
MOORE AND BURGE'S MINSTRELS.
 The Orchestra will be greatly strengthened on the occasion. The programme will comprise all the principal gems from
 ROSSINI'S
 STABAT MATER, MOSE IN EGITTO,
 MENDELSSOHN'S
 ELIJAH, HEAR MY PRAYER, and ST PAUL,
 Sacred Songs by Gounod, Schubert, Handel, &c.
 Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1884.
 Great preparations are now in active progress for the celebration of the
MOORE AND BURGE'S MINSTRELS'
 Nineteenth Annual
EASTER HOLIDAY FESTIVAL,
 When every item in the programme will be entirely
 NEW AND ORIGINAL.

ALL NEW SONGS, ALL NEW DANCES,
AND ALL NEW AND ORIGINAL BURLESQUES AND COMICALITIES.
FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON
 of the
CELEBRATED COMEDIAN AND DANCER,
MR. TOM WARD.
On EASTER MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY
TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES
 Will be given each day, in the
AFTERNOON at 3, and
NIGHT at 8.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY.—CLOSED.—Will re-open on Easter Monday at 3 and 8 with "A MOSS ROSE RENT," written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. After which an entirely new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled "A LITTLE DINNER," concluding with "A DOUBLE EVENT," written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed, music by Corney Gray. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 4s. Booking Office now open from 10 to 6. No charge for Booking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

MENDELSSOHN'S "95TH PSALM"
 will be performed by
THE CLAPTON PARK CHORAL SOCIETY
 on WEDNESDAY, April 9.

HAYDN'S SEASONS: "SPRING"
 will be performed by
THE CLAPTON PARK CHORAL SOCIETY
 on WEDNESDAY, April 9.

The Programme will also include
 BACH'S Motett for Double Chorus, "I WRESTLE AND PRAY,"
 and a Selection of Ballads and Part Songs.
 Vocalists: Miss MARY BEARE, Mr. SIDNEY TOWER, and
 Mr. W. G. FORKINGTON.
 To commence at 8 o'clock, at the CLAPTON PARK LECTURE HALL.
 Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at the Hall, or of Mr. Frank Jolly
 66, Leadenhall Street, E.C.



ON WEDNESDAY, presiding at the annual meeting of the Middlesex Liberal Association, Sir Charles Dilke dealt mainly with the claims to the franchise possessed by those householders of the metropolitan county who are at present without votes. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Caine, who is to contest Middlesex in the Liberal interest at the General Election.

IN THE MATTER OF THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL, a basis of agreement has been negotiated between Mr. Palmer, M.P., representing the shipowners, and the Solicitor-General on the part of the Board of Trade. At a meeting on Wednesday of representatives of the Shipowners' Associations of many of the chief ports of the kingdom, it was resolved to make the withdrawal of the Merchant Shipping Bill a condition precedent to the holding of any conference of shipowners with the President of the Board of Trade.

A BAZAAR under distinguished patronage was opened on Tuesday in Kensington Town Hall by Lord Aberdeen, in the absence of Mrs. Gladstone, in aid of the Funds of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, which was established forty years ago to promote the general welfare of seamen.

PRESIDING at a large gathering of the representatives of the wholesale and retail wine, spirit, and beer trades of the United Kingdom, Lord Wemyss protested against attempts to make men sober by Act of Parliament, and to coerce and restrain well-behaved Englishmen for the supposed benefit of drunkards. Resolutions against Sunday closing and local option were passed.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, who retires on pension from the Governorship of Victoria, is to be succeeded by Sir Henry Loch, who accompanied the late Lord Elgin on his special mission to China, and while negotiating under a flag of truce was, with the present Sir Harry Parkes and others, imprisoned and cruelly treated at Peking.

ADMIRAL SIR L. T. JONES has been appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, in succession to the late Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY presided and spoke at an influential meeting to promote the establishment of a Society for the Biological Investigation of the English Coast, with a marine laboratory and dredging station as a basis of operations. He urged the desirability of such an institution, both from the scientific and practical point of view, saying that from his own knowledge vehement opposition to particular modes of fishing arose from ignorance of some of the primary facts concerning the mode of life of our food fishes.

AT THE WEEKLY MEETING OF THE CITY COMMISSION OF SEWERS, after a speech by a member strongly advocating cremation, it was unanimously agreed that the Sanitary Committee should be directed to consider and report on the advisability of erecting a crematorium at the Ilford Cemetery.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME in five years Magdalen College has carried off the Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship at Oxford of 200l. per annum, and conditionally tenable for three years.

THERE SEEMS REASON TO BELIEVE in the accuracy of the announcement, which was received with some incredulity, that a Civil List pension of 250l. a year is to be bestowed on Dr. J. A. H. Murray in recognition of his long labours in editing the new English Dictionary, of which the first instalment was recently issued.

IN AN ADDRESS AT SHOREDITCH Mr. Henry George, who is about to return to the United States, referred with considerable complacency to the charge of encroaching on land belonging to the community, brought by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons against English landowners. The Irish, he said, had not submitted to landlord tyranny as Englishmen had; and throughout Scotland, he added, he had found the people ripe for the abolition of landlordism without compensation.

IN VIEW OF AN ADDITION to the number of Nationalist Members of Parliament, a scheme is to be started, under the auspices of Mr. Parnell, for raising a sum of 60,000l. or so, to enable a certain number of them, who could not otherwise afford it, to leave their occupations and reside in London during the Session.

FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SHARES have been taken by the Roman Catholic clergy of the Diocese of Tuam alone in Mr. Parnell's Irish Land Purchase and Settlement Company referred to in this column last week.

ATTEMPTS, ATTENDED WITH SOME SUCCESS, have been made to pass off a quantity of forged Bank of England notes, executed so skillfully that only experts would be led to suspect their origin.

AS THE RESULT OF OFFICIAL INVESTIGATIONS into the mortality of Government annuitants from 1838 to 1875, some alteration will probably be made in the price of Government annuities. It appears that at present the charge for male lives under fifty is too high, and above fifty too low; while on female lives throughout the present charge is too high, at the age of sixty about 3 per cent. Of course any modification of the price of Government annuities would be followed by an alteration in the rate of premiums for Government life assurance policies. Changes unfavourable to the intending annuitants would be correspondingly favourable to the intending insurer, and vice-versa.

THE WILL OF MR. CHENERY, late editor of the Times, has been proved at 21,000l.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK records the death of the eighth Earl of Seafield, at the age of thirty-three; of Mrs. Hope, by birth a Frenchwoman, widow of the late Mr. Henry Thomas Hope, of Deepdene (to whom Lord Beaconsfield's "Coningsby" was dedicated), and mother of the Duchess of Newcastle; of Mr. Charles Schreiber, the Conservative member for Poole, in his fifty-eighth year; of Mrs. Wybrow Robertson, professionally Miss Marie Litton, well known before her marriage to Mr. Robertson as a graceful actress; of Mr. Nicholas Trübner, head of the publishing and foreign bookselling firm, the speciality of which was the issue of works in Oriental literature and general philology, himself an accomplished Oriental scholar, in his sixty-eighth year; and of Sir George Campbell, late Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands, at the age of seventy-nine.

A SHOCKING MURDER has been perpetrated in the very heart of the City. The victim was Edwin Perkins, aged twenty-two, the managing clerk of Mr. Bartlett, solicitor. On Saturday afternoon he was left alone in the office, No. 2, Arthur Street West, leading from Upper Thames Street to King William Street, it being his habit to shut up the office on that day. On Saturday evening his body was found in a coal cellar on the basement with the throat cut and severely bruised. It is supposed that, after a severe struggle with his assailants, he was murdered in one of the office rooms on the first floor, and that he was then dragged downstairs and flung into the cellar.

IN VIEW OF THE COMING TOURIST SEASON the Great Eastern Railway ask us to announce that their new boats of last autumn now make the voyage to Antwerp in 11½ hours. They are lighted by electricity. The Great Eastern are now opening up the route to the Hartz Mountains, and organising cheap trips to all parts of Belgium and Holland and Germany.



THE situation in EGYPT seems to have been but little bettered, despite our victories over Osman Digma and the slaughter of thousands of his followers. No sooner have our troops left Suakim than that chieftain reappears upon the scene, as contumacious as ever, and announces his intention of punishing the friendly tribes. At Cairo the half-and-half policy pursued by the British officials is creating more and more discontent, and people are becoming disheartened; while at Khartoum General Gordon has met with a military reverse, and a decided refusal from the Mahdi to accept the Sultanate of Kordofan. To resume our chronicle of events, General Graham carried out his programme on Thursday week of marching upon Osman Digma and occupying his strong hold at Tamanieb. The enemy offered very feeble resistance, and that afar off, while Osman Digma himself, as usual, "withdrew" to a safe distance, so that our troops on entering the village, after a trying and skirmishing march, found it tenantless, and after burning the stores and ammunition which had been left behind, retired to the zeriba without losing a man. As before, the British force marched in two squares, the cavalry, which did admirable service as skirmishers, and drove all before them, being well in advance. The Naval Brigade was left behind, as the ground was too difficult to permit of the Gatlings and 7-pounders being drawn by hand. All the sickly troops also remained in camp, so that the force only numbered 3,000. As for the enemy, their numbers could not be estimated. Tamanieb was found to be situated on a khol, or river, and in a ravine commanded by precipitous huts. The village having been burned, the campaign was declared over, it being considered impossible with European troops to follow Osman Digma any further in the interior in the face of the forthcoming hot season, and the return was ordered to Suakim. There, by Saturday, the last of the troops had arrived, and the soldiers were shipped off to Suez as fast as was practicable.

At Cairo our sudden return, notwithstanding that we have been uniformly victorious, has created an unfavourable impression, for the natives, who do not follow the newspapers, and are ignorant of the modern "rescue and retire" policy, are inclined to consider the campaign, as a whole, a score for Osman Digma. All the wounded appear to be doing well, but Baker Pasha's injury in the cheek is more serious than had at first been thought. The bone was broken and splintered, and an iron bullet weighing four ounces was so firmly fixed in the bone that it had to be sawn out—an operation which the Colonel bore without chloroform, although he fainted once. Much interest is attached to Admiral Hewett's visit to the King of Abyssinia, who will receive him at Adowa.

The most stirring news of the week comes from Khartoum. On the 17th ult. General Gordon sent a force against the rebel army before the town. The enemy retired gradually behind some sand-hills, and, it is stated, did not intend to show fight had it not been for the treachery of the two commanding officers of the Egyptian army, Said and Hassan Pashas. These traitors, who were riding at the head of their forces, suddenly dashed back, broke the square, cut down a gunner who was pointing a gun, and were immediately followed by the enemy's horsemen, who quickly routed the astonished and panic-stricken Egyptians, who, as at the first Battle of Teb, offered no resistance to the enemy's spears, and were stabbed through the back without firing a shot. When the Arabs got tired of pursuing their retired, and then the surviving Egyptians revenged themselves by entering a friendly village and looting it, killing several of the inhabitants. The two Pashas, whom the troops energetically denounced as traitors, were at once arrested by General Gordon, who, with his characteristic promptitude, had them tried by court-martial, and on their being found guilty ordered them at once to be shot. According to the latest news also—the Times correspondent's letter dated 23rd ult.—the Mahdi had despatched an embassy to General Gordon of three dervishes, who brought back the robes of honour which had been sent to the Mahdi, together with his refusal of the Sultanate of Kordofan, on the ground that his mission is that of "Mahdi"—namely, the regenerator of Moslemism and the restorer of all its ancient power. He therefore sent a dervish's costume to General Gordon, and recommended him at once to turn good Mussulman. Meanwhile Gordon Pasha does not lose heart, and while evidently expecting that the British Government are sending troops to his aid, is doing his utmost to maintain his position. The townspeople of Khartoum are still devoted to him, one Arab merchant offering the loan of 1,000l. without interest, and the city is considered safe for the present, while armed steamers daily engage the rebels.

IN FRANCE the greatest sympathy has been universally expressed at the death of the Duke of Albany, and the officials and authorities have done everything in their power to show all possible respect and honour to his remains on their way from Cannes to Cherbourg. An account of the proceedings at Cannes will be found elsewhere. In home affairs the week has been uneventful. M. Barodet's request for an urgent revision of the Constitution has been rejected by the Chamber, which at last has passed the Municipal Bill in the form returned by the Senate. By this Paris is divided into four wards, with a Municipal Councillor for every 5,000 inhabitants.

GERMANY has been celebrating the sixty-ninth birthday of Prince Bismarck. He has received literally thousands of presents and congratulatory messages, and at Magdeburg a bronze statue of the Chancellor, the gift of a private admirer, was unveiled. According to the usually well-informed Times correspondent, the Prince intends to resign some of his multifarious functions—for instance, those of the Prussian portfolios of Commerce and of Foreign Affairs, and retain the German Chancellorship pure and simple. The two portfolios will be taken by Herr von Bötticher and Count Hatzfeldt. Mr. Sargent, the United States Minister to Germany, has declined the Legation at St. Petersburg. The offer, it is stated, was only a formality to enable the Minister to retire gracefully from Berlin.

IN ITALY the much-talked-of Papal Allocution, pronounced at Monday week's Consistory, has been published, but the sentences respecting the departure of the Pope from Rome have been omitted. The document, as it stands, however, is a vigorous protest against the attacks on the Church by the enemies of the Vatican, "who court popular favour at home, solicit from abroad, and, in short, employ all the artifices which seem to them serviceable in strengthening and preserving their power." "But," cries Leo XIII., "the more they strive to trample upon the rights of the Church and of the Roman Pontificate, the more also we ought to be careful to sustain them. Wherefore, in the midst of this venerable Assembly, we this day formally reprobate and condemn all that has been done to the detriment of the Apostolic See, and at the same time we demand that all its rights be for ever completely guaranteed." The Pope denounces in no measured terms the recent judicial decision with regard to the funds of the Propaganda as a "heavy stroke at the patrimony employed by this Apostolic See for the propagation of the Christian faith;" and significantly adds: "All this is hard, but we foresee still harder trials, and we are ready to bear them. We know, in fact, that our enemies have determined to fill the measure of outrage against the Roman Pontiff, until, from one difficulty to another, he

is driven to the last extremity." This "last extremity" is generally interpreted to mean "departure."—Turning to Ministerial affairs, Signor Depretis has at last formed a new Cabinet, retaining, however, four of his colleagues in the last.

In the UNITED STATES, much excitement has been caused by a serious riot at Cincinnati. For a long time, it appears, great dissatisfaction had existed in that city against the administration of justice, which was declared on all sides to be utterly corrupt, and the working classes, in particular, were embittered by the belief that jurors and lawyers were alike heavily bribed to secure the acquittal of criminals. This feeling was roused to boiling point last week by the acquittal of a man named Berner, who had murdered his employer. A mass indignation meeting was accordingly held of several thousand persons, and at its close, in response to a cry, "To the gaol," some of the crowd began to march upon the prison, being joined on their way by large numbers, until some 10,000 had assembled. An attack was then made upon the doors, which, after an hour's battering with a beam, gave way. Inside stood the sheriffs with loaded revolvers, but the crowd forced their way past, only to learn that Berner had been removed in disguise. They then demanded another murderer for the purpose of lynching him, but in the meanwhile, a force of militia appeared upon the scene and fired upon the mob, killing and wounding a large number of persons. During Saturday a renewed attack upon the prison was made, and the release of the rioters taken during the preceding night was demanded by the mob, which was again refused, and an attempt to fire the prison frustrated, the Court House, however, being burnt to the ground. The troops used a Gatling gun, which was at one time captured by the mob, but speedily retaken by the troops. On Sunday the troops succeeded in obtaining the mastery, and were strongly reinforced. The Mayor also issued a proclamation of martial law, and a Committee of Citizens to preserve order was organised. Nevertheless, after dark, the mob reassembled, and a renewed conflict took place, the crowd, however, being dispersed by midnight. On Monday quiet was almost completely restored, the troops being in possession of the city, and strongly guarding all the most prominent buildings. During the rioting the mob burst into the gunmakers' shops, and appropriated quantities of arms and ammunition with which to return the soldiers' fire. Altogether, some fifty-five persons are said to have been killed, and several hundred wounded. In commenting upon the riot the Press has taken the opportunity vigorously to denounce the maladministration of justice, and quotes as an example that out of 1,500 murders last year there were only ninety-three legal executions. In Cincinnati alone twenty murderers were lying in prison at the time of the riot. Only one hanging has taken place since 1866.



AT A PUBLIC MEETING in the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding, in aid of the Bishop of Saskatchewan's Missionary Fund, an interesting letter was read from the Marquis of Lorne in support of the movement. In addressing the meeting, the Bishop of Saskatchewan said that his Diocese extended a thousand miles from Lake Winnipeg in the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and that, as its millions of fertile soil were attracting numbers of immigrants, missionaries were urgently needed to minister to the spiritual wants of the settlers.

THE REV. DR. HILLS has resigned the Bishopric of British Columbia.

IT IS SAID that the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie has been offered the Rectory of the Church of Ascension, Chicago.

AS A MEMORIAL to the officers who have fallen in the Egyptian campaign, a chapel has been erected on the south side of the chancel of Trinity Church, the garrison church of Windsor, by the officers of the 1st Life Guards, now quartered in the Royal Borough.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS intend appropriating during the current year to the augmentation of stipends and the endowment of churches the sum of say 25,000*l.* per annum in perpetuity, equivalent to a capital sum of nearly three-quarters of a million sterling.

ON FRIDAY, LAST WEEK, there was opened in Pont Street, Belgravia, a new and handsome Scotch Presbyterian Church for the use of the congregation which formerly attended that in Crown Court, Covent Garden. The architecture is of the thirteenth century style, and the interior, with its decorations and fittings, is decidedly ornate, containing not only an organ, but a quasi-chancel, furnished with choir-stalls. Principal Tulloch preached in the new edifice on Sunday.

THE LOCAL MEMBERS of the Salvation Army have been unsuccessful in their negotiations for the purchase of the old Theatre Royal at Rochester, which they wished to convert into the headquarters of the force in the district. It has been purchased by the local Conservatives, who intend to erect on its site a Conservative club-house.



THE DUKE OF ALBANY AS A MUSICIAN.—Although the state of his health did not permit the Duke of Albany to take to any great extent a practical part in musical performances, he was a pleasant vocalist, and could accompany himself upon the piano and play the violin. His *Fontainebleau Waltz* was published towards the end of last year; and one or two songs—distinguished, it is said, for purity of melody and simplicity of character—have, it is understood, been heard in the privacy of Court circles. His earliest instructor in music was, it is believed, the late Mrs. Anderson. But that the late Prince possessed a thorough acquaintance with the history of the art, those who have read or heard his speeches on musical topics are well aware. We are informed by an eminent musician, who knew the Duke well, that he possessed a fine musical library, and that the notes in his handwriting in the margins of his books showed that they were to him a subject of genuine study. He is also said to have been a fair theoretical musician, and his tastes certainly lay in the direction of classical music. His decease caused the postponement of the concerts of the London Musical Society, the Royal Amateur Orchestra, and the Royal Academy of Music, with all of which he was officially connected.

BEETHOVEN'S "MISSA SOLENNIS."—Beethoven's great Mass in D, which—doubtless owing to its enormous difficulties—has only been heard fourteen times in London since it was written in 1822, was performed by the Albert Hall Choir, under Mr. Barnby, on Wednesday night. The Royal boxes were craped, the choristers, instead of the usual coloured sashes, wore bows and armlets of black; and when the audience (the ladies, as a rule, in mourning)

rose in the *entr'acte* to the solemn strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, the spectacle was most impressive. The performance of the Mass in D was, we believe, the second under a British-born conductor since 1846. Mr. Barnby spent two years in training his choir, and later the rehearsals have been numerous. Occasionally, on Wednesday, the choir wavered, for instance, in the *Osanna*, in the *Sanctus*, and in the *Benedictus*. But more dangerous points were attacked with that accuracy which adequate rehearsal alone can command.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The intelligent foreigner who has been taught to believe we are not a musical nation may well have marvelled at the fact that, for a severely classical programme, comprising a quartet led by Herr Joachim, and a couple of sonatas in one of which Madame Schumann played, the crowd was so great on Saturday afternoon that the doors of St. James's Hall were opened soon after half-past one for a concert which began at three. The orchestra and gallery were almost immediately filled, and money was soon afterwards refused. The programme on Monday was even stronger. It opened with the "posthumous" quartet in C sharp minor of Beethoven, which a past generation declared too difficult for performance, and it comprised a most admirable reading by Madame Schumann of the "Waldstein" sonata, and the first hearing at these concerts of Dvorák's second pianoforte trio. Next Monday will bring to a close the twenty-sixth and most successful season of the Popular Concerts.

OPERATIC AFFAIRS.—Mr. Carl Rosa has acquired the English rights in Boito's opera, *Mefistofele*, which will be produced next season with Madame Marie Röze and Mr. Ludwig in the chief parts. He is also understood to be in negotiation for Massé's opera, *Galathée*. Mr. Maas will appear on the first night of the Drury Lane season in *The Bohemian Girl*.—Before Herr Dvorák left England, *pourparlers* were, it is understood, exchanged for a new opera to an English libretto for the Carl Rosa troupe.—Madame Valleria has consented to sing at a few performances with Mr. Abbey's company, and will not sail for England till April 9th.—Madame Albani is in Paris, where this week she will sing in *The Redemption*, afterwards returning to England.—Madame Patti, Madame Gerster, and the Mapleson troupe are in San Francisco.

CHORAL PERFORMANCES.—After many rehearsals, directed by Mr. Randegger, the Leslie Choir, on the 27th ult., produced, for the first time in England, Spohr's Mass in C, better known as the "Vocal Mass," from the fact that Spohr expressly directs it shall not be performed until the executants are independent of the piano accompanist. That condition was not fulfilled by Mr. Randegger, and the interpolated piano certainly did not enhance the effect. The contrast between the two choirs also was destroyed by the fact that the fresh and powerful voices of the Royal Academy students, who formed the smaller choir, were almost equal in volume to the older voices of the regular Leslie chorus, who formed the greater choir. Apart from this the performance was, on the whole, excellent.—Mr. Manns, on Saturday, conducted Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Crystal Palace, a performance which, at this institution, has now happily become an annual one. It is not wholly to the discredit of the vocalists to say that the Crystal Palace orchestra were more successful than the Crystal Palace chorists.

WAIFS.—M. de Pachmann has returned to London, to be married to Miss Maggie Okey on the 24th inst.—Dr. Von Bülow is shortly expected in London, and will give piano recitals on April 29 and May 6.—Sir Julius Benedict's Jubilee Concert is fixed to take place at the Albert Hall on the afternoon of June 7th.—M. Rubinstein, who is this week playing in Paris, has refused a splendid offer to give a brief series of piano recitals in this country.—Anton Dvorák has promised to return to London in the autumn to conduct his *Stabat Mater* and a specially-written Choral Ode at the Worcester Festival.—Mr. Charles Hallé will this season give his recitals at Prince's Hall on Friday afternoons.—The centenary of Spohr's birth will be celebrated at the Crystal Palace to-day by a programme of Spohr's music.—Mr. Mapleson declares he will build the National Opera House on the Victoria Embankment, and will open it in May, 1885, with Madame Patti. *Nous verrons!*—At St. Paul's Cathedral Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* will be performed next Tuesday evening.—For *Esmeralda*, at Drury Lane, on Thursday week, a new duet, new ballet music, and a new finale have been written by Mr. Thomas.—At the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians the subscriptions exceeded 1,000*l.*



MR. GLADSTONE is back in his place in the House of Commons, though no one looking upon his pale anxious face, with its unvaried expression of continued weariness, can doubt that he might easily find a wholesomer place to spend his time in. It is probable that he would have postponed his appearance for another week but for the death of the Duke of Albany. This, as involving the ceremony of a Vote of Condolence, brought the Premier back, though it was understood permission was most unwillingly given by Sir Andrew Clark. The Vote might, for all practical purposes, have been as well proposed by Lord Hartington. But none could have done it so well as the Premier, who is a master of this most difficult kind of oratory, and who in the course of a life unusually prolonged has had many more or less painful opportunities for practice.

The question whether business goes forward with less friction when the Premier is in his place or when he is away is frequently debated and variously decided upon. The fact probably is that when he is away it is thought that business suffers by his absence, and when he is present people are inclined to believe the wheels would work more smoothly if he were away. An episode of Tuesday night's proceedings illustrates the position. At an early hour on Saturday morning the Government were beaten by a small majority on Mr. Pell's motion claiming immediate relief of Local Taxation. On Tuesday several questions appeared on the paper designed to ascertain what course the Government proposed to take thereupon. To the first two Mr. Gladstone replied in a speech that may be very briefly summarised. He pointed out that in the Queen's Speech a Bill dealing with Local Government was promised in due sequence, after the Franchise Bill and the Government of London Bill. That measure was now ready; the Government were most anxious to introduce it; they had been hitherto baffled by obstruction; but they nevertheless hoped by patience and perseverance to carry it through this Session.

This statement was involved in a wilderness of words, which the House followed with some signs of impatience, for Sir Charles Dilke had said all this in briefer terms on Friday night. Certainly no charge could be brought against the Premier of lack of fulness in reply. However, when he sat down, Mr. Pell rose and put the same query in slightly varied form. Mr. Gladstone was on his legs again, made another speech, which Mr. Pell declared didn't answer the question. For the third time the Premier rose, and now condensed into a sentence everything he had to say, and had, indeed, already said seven times over. By this time he was growing irritated, and the prospect of "a game" opened up before the eyes of the Conservatives. It had been arranged that the Franchise Bill should be taken on Tuesday, to the displacement of the Notices of

Motion. A formal resolution was necessary to effect this, and thereupon the Conservatives broke in, led by Mr. Pell, followed by Mr. Chaplin, with Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, and Mr. Onslow on one flank, and Mr. Labouchere on the other. For an hour and twenty minutes they pegged away, peppering the Premier with all kinds of questions, and occupying one-sixth part of the sitting.

There is no question that in this particular case time would have been saved by the temporary absence of the Premier. The whole thing was got up for his benefit, and it could not have been carried out without his assistance. Whether it was courteous, or, as Lord Randolph Churchill would say, "human," thus to badger an old and wearied man, who had just with faltering steps left the sick chamber, is a question that will be settled according to individual taste and gentle breeding. The facts and their bearing upon the burning question of saving and wasting time in the House of Commons are merely noted here.

There is not in other and general respects any improvement in the lamentable condition of the House as compared with former weeks. The Franchise Bill occupies the lion's share of time, no one being a penny the better or the wiser. The debate itself, as compared with former pitched battles on the same subject, shows an infinite falling off. The obvious and sufficient reason for this is that, whereas former Parliamentary Reform debates have been real battles, the present is but a sham fight. The Conservatives finally threw up the sponge when they passed the Household Suffrage Bill in 1867. The present measure, it is admitted on all sides, is but the logical conclusion and fulfilment of the scheme then adopted. This is acknowledged in the fact that the Conservative party do not meet the issue raised by a direct negative, and that only Mr. James Lowther, and, in guarded terms, Mr. Raikes, have ventured to speak directly against the Bill. In this state of affairs people of average intelligence and ordinary business habits naturally ask why, night after night, should speeches be made and precious time occupied whilst, for example, the reform of Local Government, with concomitant readjustment of financial arrangements, are so earnestly desired, and might be dealt with in the time given to speechmaking round a question already practically settled? There are several answers to this question, of which one might, perhaps, be sufficient. There is a numerous and influential portion of the House who are opposed to the Liberal Government doing any business at all, and as long as talk can be kept up work is impossible. Talk once started in the House of Commons gathers bulk like a rolling snowball, and it is pretty certain that on Monday next, when the division on the Franchise Bill is taken, there will be more members desiring to speak than there were last Monday week when the debate opened.

On Monday Lord Randolph Churchill, fiercely breaking in upon the dozing House, read it a severe and not unnecessary lecture on the length of speeches and the class of members who had chiefly contributed to it. It was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's prolonged and monotonous string of commonplaces and repetitions that brought about this crisis. The First Commissioner of Works sinned in a double capacity. He was one of the Front Bench men who, in conjunction with the "corner-men," had chiefly monopolised the debate. On Thursday night Mr. Forster, one of the most prominent of the right hon. gentlemen who, seceding from the Government, have occupied advantageous positions in corner seats, interposed to break up an arrangement made with general consent. Mr. Broadhurst was to have moved the adjournment, and so secured the advantage of resuming it on Monday. It is a kind of prescriptive right recently grown up that right hon. gentlemen in corner seats or on the Front Bench may pick and choose their time for interposing in debate, and naturally they select the most favourable opportunities.

The House of Commons being just now in ill-humour with itself, a faithful reflex of the attitude of the public mind towards it, is inclined to quarrel with everything, and has fastened upon this alleged favouritism. Lord Randolph Churchill's lively protest was taken up on Tuesday night, and pressed home to such effect that no one from the Treasury Bench spoke, only one ex-Minister, and only one corner-man (Mr. Stansfeld), whilst Mr. Broadhurst had assigned to him the privilege of moving the adjournment. All this is very petty, but it is the history of the House of Commons just now. The most satisfactory prospect is the assured one that on Monday the debate would reach its foregone conclusion, and that in all probability the House will on Tuesday rise for the Easter recess. On Wednesday the English Sunday Closing Bill occupied close attention. There was a great muster under the rival banners of the Licensed Victuallers and the Blue Ribbon Army. But the battle, as was generally expected, proved a drawn one, the Bill being talked out by the irrepressible Mr. Warton.



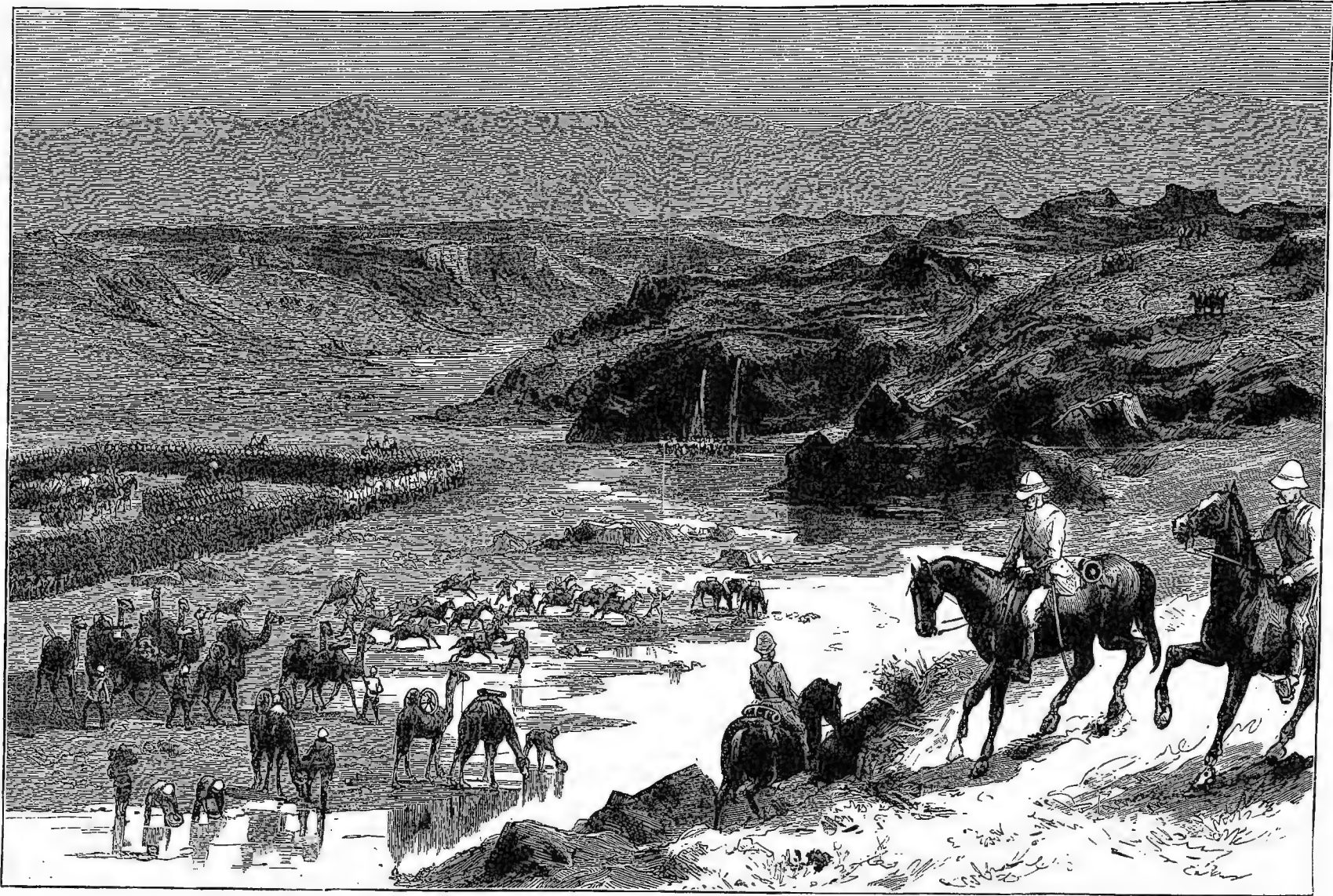
A WILD and somewhat purposeless farce in four acts, adapted by Mr. Hawtrey from the German of Von Moser, under the title of *The Private Secretary*, was produced at the PRINCE'S Theatre on Saturday evening with qualified success. Mr. Hawtrey, or, more probably, the author of the German original, has forgotten to put method in his madness. A scapegrace young gentleman chooses to visit a country house in the disguise of a clerical tutor, and is followed by the clerical tutor, and, in fact, by nearly the entire list of *dramatis personæ*, who thereupon engage in an endless game of cross purposes, varied only by the flirtations of the scapegrace visitor and a youthful companion with the young ladies of the household; but beyond these facts it was not easy for the spectators to discover in the play any plan or design. Happily, however, the piece has redeeming features, one of which at least is of a remarkable kind. We refer to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's impersonation of the clerical curate—the "private secretary" of the play—a mild, meek creature, at once guileless and distrustful of a designing world, and whose fate it is to be the victim of more mistakes and equivocations than could be described in the limits of a brief notice. The portrait borders, no doubt, upon caricature, yet, thanks to the comic genius of the actor, it is at least conceivable, and nothing droller has of late been seen upon the stage. Roars of laughter were occasioned by every appearance of this amusing personage; nor did the amusement which he afforded flag from his first appearance in Act I. down to the final fall of the curtain. Mr. W. J. Hill as a lively rich old uncle, who, mistaking the private secretary for the scapegrace youth, is disgusted with a milkop nephew; and Mr. Carton, who played the scapegrace youth with the cool impudence appropriate to the character, also contributed not a little to the entertainment of the spectators. Unfortunately Miss Lucy Buckstone, Miss Tilbury, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Mrs. Stephens have in their respective parts little chance of making an impression, and Mr. Anson, as a vulgar rich tailor, aspiring to obtain an introduction to "society," had to struggle in vain with the difficulties of an outrageously farcical part. With all its faults *The Private Secretary* is well worth seeing, and the little introductory piece called *Six-and-Eightpence*, an adaptation of *Chez l'Avocat*, is very amusing, and admirably acted.

The new theatre on the north side of Leicester Square, which is

Square Moving Up the Bed of the River

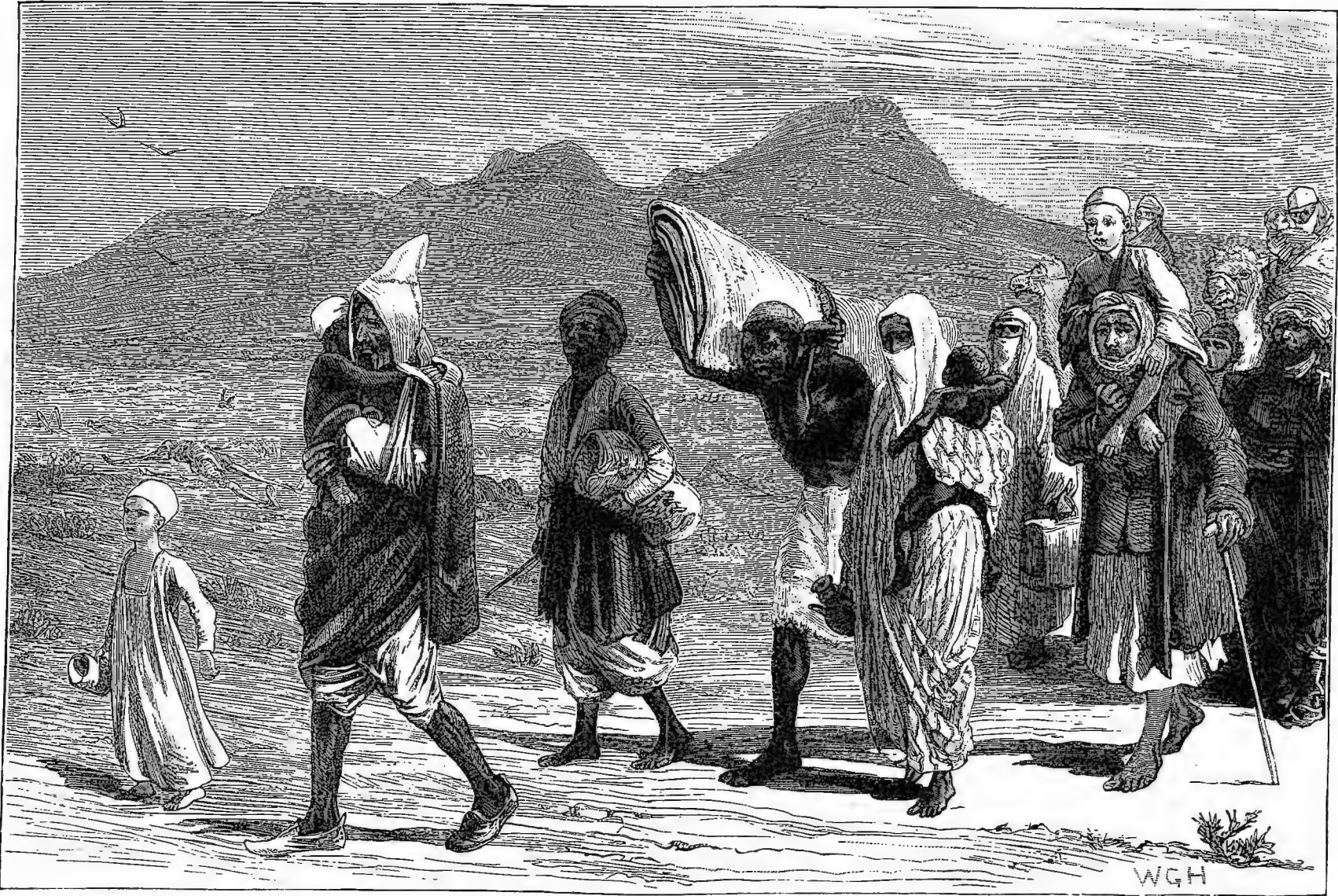
Scouting Parties of Our Cavalry

Spring Coming Out of the Hill



Camel Battery Watering

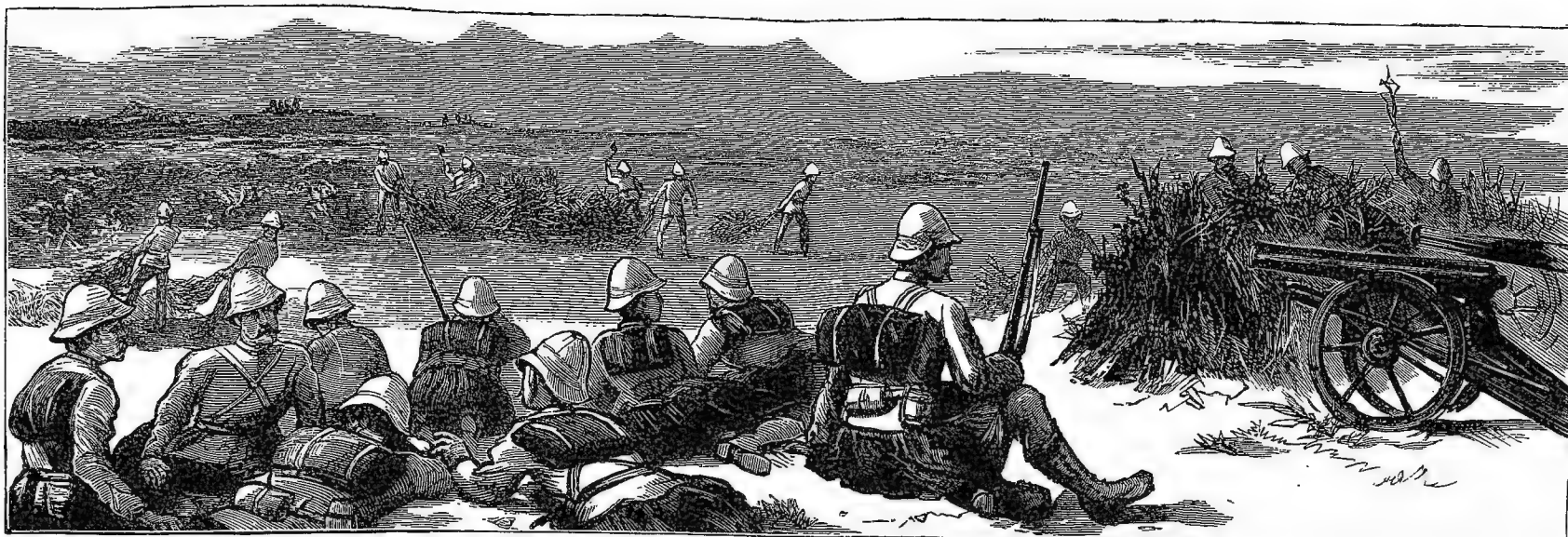
AFTER THE BATTLE OF TAMASI, MARCH 13—THE RUSH FOR WATER AT THE WELLS



RESCUED INHABITANTS OF TOKAR EN ROUTE FOR TRINKITAT

THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND A MILITARY OFFICER



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIGHT—PIONEERS CUTTING DOWN BUSHES TO BUILD A ZERIBA ROUND THE SQUARE



THE MARCH ON OSMAN DIGMA'S STRONGHOLD—HIS CAMP IS POINTED OUT TO GENERAL GRAHAM



THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIGHT—MAJOR TURNER, OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY, BRINGING A CONVOY OF DEAD INTO CAMP
THE SOUDAN—BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE OF TAMASI
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

to be known as the "EMPIRE," will open some time in Easter week with a revival of *Chilperic*.

The new play in preparation at the ST. JAMES'S is to be called *The Ironmaster*, after the French original of M. Ohnet, which is known as *Le Maître de Forges*.

Mr. Gilbert has written a letter defending the selection of Miss Fortescue for the part of Dorothy in *Dan's Druce* at the COURT Theatre, thus rebutting the charge of relying more upon that actress's notoriety than upon her qualifications for the part. While admitting that Miss Fortescue had not previously played a character so important, Mr. Gilbert reminds us that when he selected Miss Marion Terry, the original representative of Dorothy, she was fulfilling the part of a "walking lady" at the Strand, at a much smaller salary than Miss Fortescue was receiving when she left the Savoy. We learn further that Miss Fortescue was engaged for the production of *Patience* at the Opéra Comique, three years ago, at a salary of 3*l*. per week. This was soon raised to 4*l*., then to 5*l*., and finally to 6*l*., and this was the salary that she was receiving when Mr. Carte released her from her engagement in July last. Her salary at the Savoy was equivalent to 300*l*. per annum. She is engaged at the Court at a salary of 8*l*. per week for three months only. In conclusion Mr. Gilbert asks, "Which of the recognised actresses who were available a month ago would his censor have selected for the part in preference to Miss Fortescue?"

The opening performances at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. R. Taylor, will consist of Dibdin's operetta of *The Waterman*, with Mr. Wilford Morgan as Tom Tug, and a revival of the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, with a strong cast, including Mr. Henry Neville in his original character of Bob Brierly.

Mr. Wyndham and his company have returned from America, and will take possession of their old head-quarters at the CRITERION on Easter Monday.

Mr. Toole has invited his brother professionals to a special *matinée* to be given on Tuesday next. That the Princess's company have no objection to the humorous parody of their efforts may be inferred from the fact that most of them will, it is understood, be present at the performance of *Pau Claudian*.

An adaptation by Mr. D. G. Boucicault of *Un Duel sous Richelieu* is in preparation at the COURT Theatre.

A new "domestic, military, and colonial play" is to be produced at the SURREY Theatre at Easter. It is in four acts and five tableaux, and is the joint work of Mr. Paul Merritt and Mr. George Conquest.

The title of the new opera to be produced at the GLOBE on Easter Monday is *Dick*, which is, perhaps, none the worse for being brief.

Mr. Toole and his company will, during the Easter holidays, give a series of afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace.

On Monday last Messrs. Holt and Wilmot revived *Money* at the GRAND Theatre, Islington. Though intended to run only ten nights, the play is excellently mounted and efficiently performed. Mr. Clarence Holt is the Evelyn, Mr. Frank Staunton the Sir John Vesey, Mr. F. Hope Meriscord the Sir F. Blount, Mr. Arthur Lyle the Dudley Smooth, and Miss McNeil the Clara Douglas.—At Easter a new Irish play, entitled the *Donagh*, is to be produced, with elaborate scenery.

The *Hunchback* of Sheridan Knowles, played at the GAIETY on Thursday afternoon last, was the occasion of the first appearance in this country of Miss Adelaide Moore. The lady is endowed with personal attractions that are likely to find favour, whilst her voice is clear and penetrating.

Last Saturday Mr. Charles Du Val gave his 300th consecutive performance at ST. JAMES'S HALL.



THE TURF.—Several meetings have been postponed owing to the death of Prince Leopold, who, though not devoted to racing like the Prince of Wales, had of late evinced some interest in the sport, Sandown Park being a favourite tryst of His Royal Highness. Looking back to the Grand National of last week, the victory of Voluptuary was a notable one, as it was the first occasion on which the animal had crossed a country in public. The Prince of Wales's horse, The Scot, started first favourite for the "Derby of Steeplechasing," but, as more than one predicted, landed himself in a fence, and so put his chance out. The news of the death of Prince Leopold arrived on the course very soon after the race was run, and with the departure of the Prince of Wales cast a gloom, not only on the rest of the day, but on the rest of the meeting, several owners withdrawing their horses from various events.—Out of the meetings this week, that at Northampton reckons about the most important, though nothing very striking happened there. The Althorp Park Stakes, with which many first-class youngsters have been associated, produced only a field of eight, and was won by the favourite, Lady Gladys, who ran second for the recent Brocklesbury Stakes, at Lincoln. It is, however, more than likely that Present Times and Satchel, who attended her home, will be better animals than the winner a little further on in the season. The popular Earl Spencer's Plate Scurry saw the smallest field on record for this event, only eight starting. "The talent" were pretty right in their anticipations, as the two first favourites, Bedouin and Village Boy, filled the two first places. The Great Northamptonshire Stakes saw another wretched field, Loch Ranza, the second favourite, beating six opponents.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is postponed till Monday; at least this is the understanding at the moment of writing. Riverside critics still incline to Oxford, but in all probability for once in a way we shall see a very close race. In this event there is no better spot to see from than Barnes Railway Bridge, to which the London and South Western will despatch its usual special trains. Perhaps this is the most comfortable way of seeing the race yet devised.

ATHLETICS.—The Oxford and Cambridge sports, which were to have taken place the day before that fixed for the great Boat Race, have been postponed in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany till Tuesday next. The general impression obtains that Cambridge will get the majority of events; but that no "record beaten" will have to be noted.

CRICKET.—News has come to hand that, previous to their departure from Australia, the Antipodean team, which will soon be among us, defeated at Sydney, by nine wickets, the "Rest of Australia," Evans—who is said to be the best "all-round" man in the colonies—being on the side of the latter. The first innings of our coming visitors amounted to the good total of 318.—All cricketers will regret to hear that Dr. E. M. Grace—the "original" Grace—has lost his wife.

LACROSSE.—Hampstead has beaten London II., and shows excellent promise for next year, when it will in all probability play two teams.—The strong Cambridge University team has had to put up with another defeat, this time at the hands of Heaton Mersey.

FOOTBALL.—At last London has produced a really big crowd at a football match, from twelve to fifteen thousand

persons being present at the Oval, on Saturday last, to see the final game for the Association Cup between Queen's Park, Glasgow, and the Blackburn Rovers; but this hardly compares with the attendances of twenty and twenty-five thousands at crack matches North of the Trent and North of the Tweed. Public opinion strongly inclined towards the chances of Queen's Park, and many persons backed their opinion by laying as much as 2 to 1 on the Scotch team; and at the starting of the game it seemed that anticipations would be realised, so fast and spirited were the Northerners in their attacks. But matters soon assumed a different aspect, and two goals fell in quick succession to the Rovers, and then one to the Queen's Park men. Still the game was very even, the fact that neither side scored during the second half of the game showing this. Perhaps two better Association Elevens never came into the football field; and certainly never was a better game in every respect seen at the Oval.—The death of Prince Leopold has caused the final game for the London Cup to be postponed till the 19th inst.—Scotland and Wales have played their ninth annual Association match, and Scotland has again won, as she has all these events from 1876.



A WOMAN OF SEVENTY, a sweetmeat seller, having been fined by some rural magistrates under the Lord's Day Act 5*3*., with 10*s*. costs, for plying her trade on a Sunday, her son addressed a letter on the subject to the Prince of Wales. Replying through his secretary, His Royal Highness expressed his regret that the Act in question, bearing hardly and vexatiously on so many persons, has not been repealed.

THE ACTION BY LADY COLIN CAMPBELL for a judicial separation from her husband having been tried *in camera* by Sir James Hannen and a special jury, a verdict was given in her favour. A decree in accordance with it was pronounced, and Lord Colin Campbell was ordered to pay the costs of the suit.

ON WEDNESDAY MR. EDMUND YATES, proprietor of the *World*, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale, under circumstances previously chronicled in this column. In passing sentence, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge animatedly with great severity on the tone and tenor of Society journalism. Mr. Yates was liberated on bail pending the issue and trial of a writ of error, which is to be applied for by his counsel.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON are authorised to levy a duty on "all grain brought into the port of London for sale." A London miller who imports grain, and sells grain and flour, pays the duty on the grain which he sells as such; but, having refused to pay duty on grain ground by him into flour and sold as flour, the point was raised in the Queen's Bench Division, and was decided in favour of the miller.

IN A CASE arising at Peckham, it has been decided by the Queen's Bench Division that a tenant occupying with the ordinary agreement to pay rates and taxes is not under a liability to recoup his landlord for a proportion of the sum which the latter may have been called on to contribute to the expense of paving the street in which the house is situated.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, jumping from its owner's garden over a wall three feet high, fell upon the neck and back of a labourer who, in a bent position, was digging a hole in an adjoining garden, and injured him severely. The owner of the dog gave a couple of sovereigns to the injured man, who, not content with this *solutum*, brought an action for damages in the County Court, but was non-suited, the Judge holding that there was no cause of action. He appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench. Lord Coleridge called his claim "preposterous," but gave it a grave consideration, and, Mr. Justice Watkin Williams concurring, affirmed the decision of the County Court Judge.

IN SPITE of his Bankruptcy, Mr. Lawes intends to continue his litigation with Mr. Belt, and to make a final appeal to the House of Lords.



LOCAL TAXATION.—The vote on this subject, when the Government were beaten by eleven votes, is of much interest to residents in the country, whose relief from certain taxes, now made local, but in purpose Imperial, is the gist of the matter. The Liberals who are counted farmers' friends do not appear to have supported Mr. Pell, but they abstained from opposing him, a course of action scarcely to be commended as logical, and not very useful in a party sense, as the Whigs on either side count the absentees as keenly as they do the numbers actually present. Among those who, being Liberals, did not oppose the motion, were Colonel Kingscote, Mr. Duckham, Mr. James Howard, Lord Moreton, and Mr. Foljambe. Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. Borlase, of the Farmers' Alliance, voted against Mr. Pell, with whom voted the entire strength of the Conservative party.

BARLEY.—If farmers are not getting on very fast with their barley sowings they have little excuse in the weather for delay, and they are throwing away certain advantages undoubtedly attaching to early sowings. Not only is the work, if begun early, well finished before hoeing takes off some of the labourers, but the crop comes earlier to harvest, and a better sample of barley and a heavier yield of straw and grain is usually obtained. The dangers of a late harvest are manifold. Not only is the weather more broken, but ripening heat is much more rare. Mildew and other diseases attack the grain when standing in dull and damp autumnal weather. There is also in late-sown barley a danger of the seed malting in the soil. Sowing with the drill appears to be better for barley than the broadcast system, as drilling favours the clearing of the ground from weeds, the growth of which, bad for all cereals, is quite destructive of a good crop of barley. After the drill, a light harrow and a light roller should go over the ground.

HORSES AND ENSILAGE.—Cattle had already been found to thrive on this new food, and now favourable witness is borne by horse-owners. Mr. Woods of Merton says that for two years he has been feeding his on ensilage, barley, straw, chaff, and oats, and the horses have been and are now remarkably healthy. Mr. Woods has, in adding ensilage, dispensed with bran. Mr. Hardy, of Weedon, feeds his plough horses on ensilage, also his carriage horse and a young thoroughbred. He gives them ensilage, chaff, and oats to the exclusion of bran mashes and brewer's grains. All his animals have soft skins, and he wishes he had more ensilage in hand. Lord Tolle-mache also gives a limited quantity of ensilage to his carriage horses, and finds that it suits them well.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—Mr. Duckham has written an able letter to his brother Members of Parliament pointing out the effect this imported malady has had in making meat dear. He

claims to have in this letter fairly demolished the contention that the exclusion of cattle diseases by excluded imports from infected countries would injuriously affect the meat supply of the realm. Mr. Duckham concludes that the present understocked condition of our pastures is solely attributable to the ravages of preventable disease. "I estimate," he says, "that the Irish stockowners last year suffered to the extent of at least two millions sterling, and that could the store animals from Ireland have been received as formerly by the graziers of Great Britain, they would have been able to convert them into another million pounds worth of food. I further estimate that the British stockowners sustained a direct loss of at least two millions, which together accounts for five millions excess of importations without affecting the price to the consumers."

AMONG FARMERS' FOES there are not many more injurious than the grub of the daddy-long-legs or *Tipula*. The slaughter of crows, which look upon this grub as a particular delicacy, may have something to do with the terrible abundance of the voracious pest, but we can hardly endorse the recommendation of a correspondent, who says, "From long experience I have found that the best plan is to top-dress the ground with crushed rape-cake. The grub seems to eat to excess, and die of surfeit." Now, apart from the costliness of a rape-cake dressing, it is difficult to imagine that the grub really dies of surfeit, seeing that, like all other insects, it naturally passes into the pupa state as soon as full fed. The pupa does not eat at all, and the fly in due course emerges. If our correspondent's experiment has indeed been successful we should say the rape poisoned and did not nourish the grub.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A trout weighing 18½*lb*. was caught last week in Lough Neagh.—The wryneck was observed on the 5th of March at Poole.—A correspondent writing from Fife complains that since his boyhood the thrush has become almost extinct in that part of Scotland, whence the goldfinch and bullfinch are also rapidly disappearing.—A gerfalcon has been captured near Penzance. It seemed very weak for want of food.—A Shropshire correspondent accuses the otter of coming up from the river and carrying off young lambs. Have any other readers noted a similar occurrence?—On the 17th of February the humming bird hawk moth was seen on the wing at Old Conna Hill in Wicklow. It was doubtless a hibernated specimen.—It seems very doubtful if the dormouse has been taken in Norfolk for many years. It has, however, recently been found at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, also as far north as Lancaster, and as far west as Corwen, North Wales.—A correspondent, writing from Lenzie, near Glasgow, says that the starlings are abundant there, and are now beginning to build.



"UXORICIDE" is the latest term used by Transatlantic journalists for wife-killing.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART SOCIETY has opened its annual Exhibition in Paris this week. Belgium, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Sweden are represented, besides France, whose most noted contributors are MM. Carolus Duran, Duez, Roll, and Bastien-Lepage.

A STRANGE MODE OF REVENGING HIMSELF ON HIS ENEMIES has been adopted by a wrathful Magyar in a Hungarian town. He hired the town-crier to go round the streets and announce loudly, to a vigorous drum accompaniment, that "Mr. So-and-So is a scoundrel." This is called "American vengeance," though the Americans themselves have never heard of it.

A MUTE COSTUME-WAR is being waged in Paris this Passion-tide by fair Clericals and Republicans. The devotees wear sober garb, black, grey, or the "sermon toilet" of the deepest green, relieved with real violets or white flowers, while the unbelievers adopt the brightest hues with mundane titles, and particularly the "Diavoli" bonnets of brilliant scarlet tulle.

JAPANESE INNKEEPERS might give many a hint in honesty and fair dealing to their European brethren. During the last two years in Japan rice and all the necessities of life have gradually fallen in price, so the innkeepers decided that they ought to adopt a new scale of charges accordingly. Eighteen hundred met in council and decided to reduce their charges twenty per cent. When prices are low in Europe what Continental hotel-manager would go and do likewise?

THE PLANS OF THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION have now been fairly settled. The three vessels, the *Thetis*, *Bear*, and *Alert*, will start respectively at different periods from April 25 to May 10, and will rendezvous at Upernavik early in June. They will then search carefully to the south of Smith's Sound, and the *Alert* will stay either at Littleton Island or Foulk Ford to form a *dépôt* for the other ships, which will advance further, and to send a sleighing party to examine the eastern coast as far as Humboldt Glacier. If the advance vessels have not returned by September 1, the *Alert* will come back to St. John's.

"THE DYNAMITE MONTHLY REVIEW" is the pleasing title of a bloodthirsty periodical just brought out by the Irish in New York. The opening editorial address is devoted to glorifying the notorious explosive. "Dynamite a few years ago was unheard of, now it is a household word. This new destructive agent is destined to revolutionise warfare. The tyrants of the earth have spent millions of treasure, wrung from the people, in fitting out ironclads and erecting strongholds to fortify their villany. These, through the instrumentality of glorious dynamite, are now useless." Another important feature of the contents is the "Black List" of persons doomed to death by the Irish Revolutionary Committee.

SOME PRECIOUS MAHOMEDAN RELICS have lately been restored to Mussulman worship by the British Government—turbans, quilts, praying-carpets, &c.—said to have belonged to Mahomet, his daughter, and the Prophet's companions. They were taken at the Siege of Damascus by Timour in 1401, and passed through many hands, till the British annexed the Punjab and kept the relics in Fort Lahore, where pious Orientals had to get a pass to pay their devotions to the sacred treasures. A proof of their efficacy was given when a fire broke out in the fort, for the flames were stayed at once on reaching the relic-room, and "went out without any exertion from the garrison." Now the relics have been housed on a special throne in the Padshahi Mosque.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly declined last week, and 1,573 deaths were registered, against 1,588 during the previous seven days, a fall of 15, being 379 below the average, and at the rate of 20.4 per 1,000. There were 11 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 8), 56 from measles (a rise of 7), 25 from scarlet fever (a fall of 1), 12 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 112 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11), 1 from typhus fever, 11 from enteric fever, and 7 from diarrhoea and dysentery. Diseases of the respiratory organs caused 359 deaths, being 182 below the average. Various forms of violence occasioned 54 deaths; 45 resulted from accident or negligence, amongst which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. 6 cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,732 births registered, against 2,665 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 23. The mean temperature of the air was 41.1 deg., and 1.6 deg. below the average.

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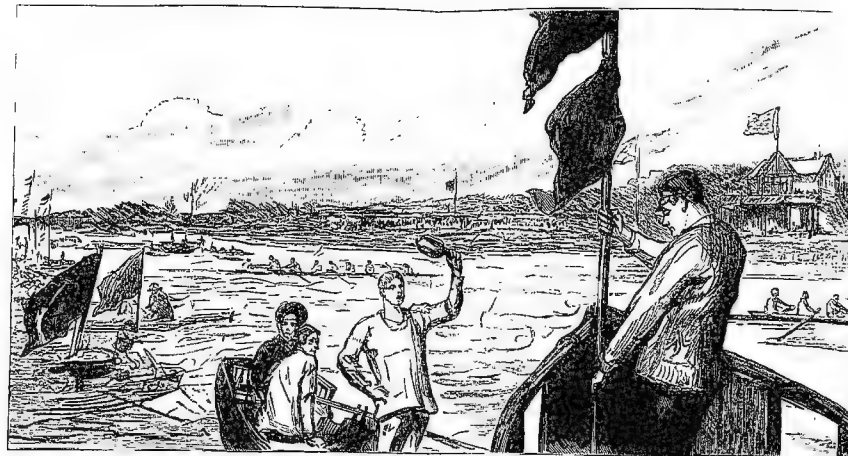
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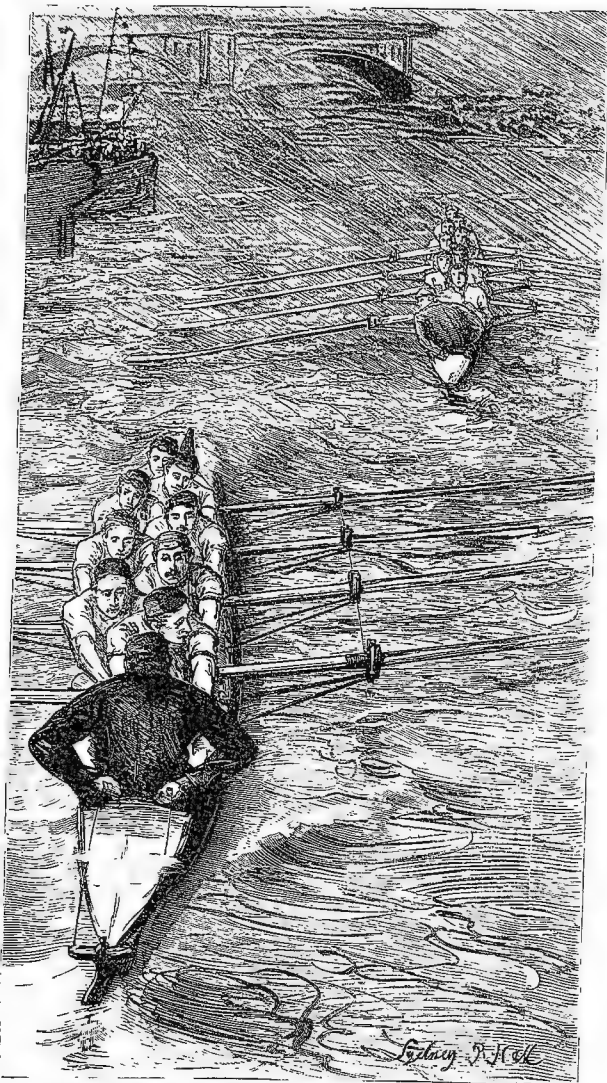
THE MINSTREL'S DOLE—A DRUMSTICK: LUNCH ON THE BANK AFTER THE RACE



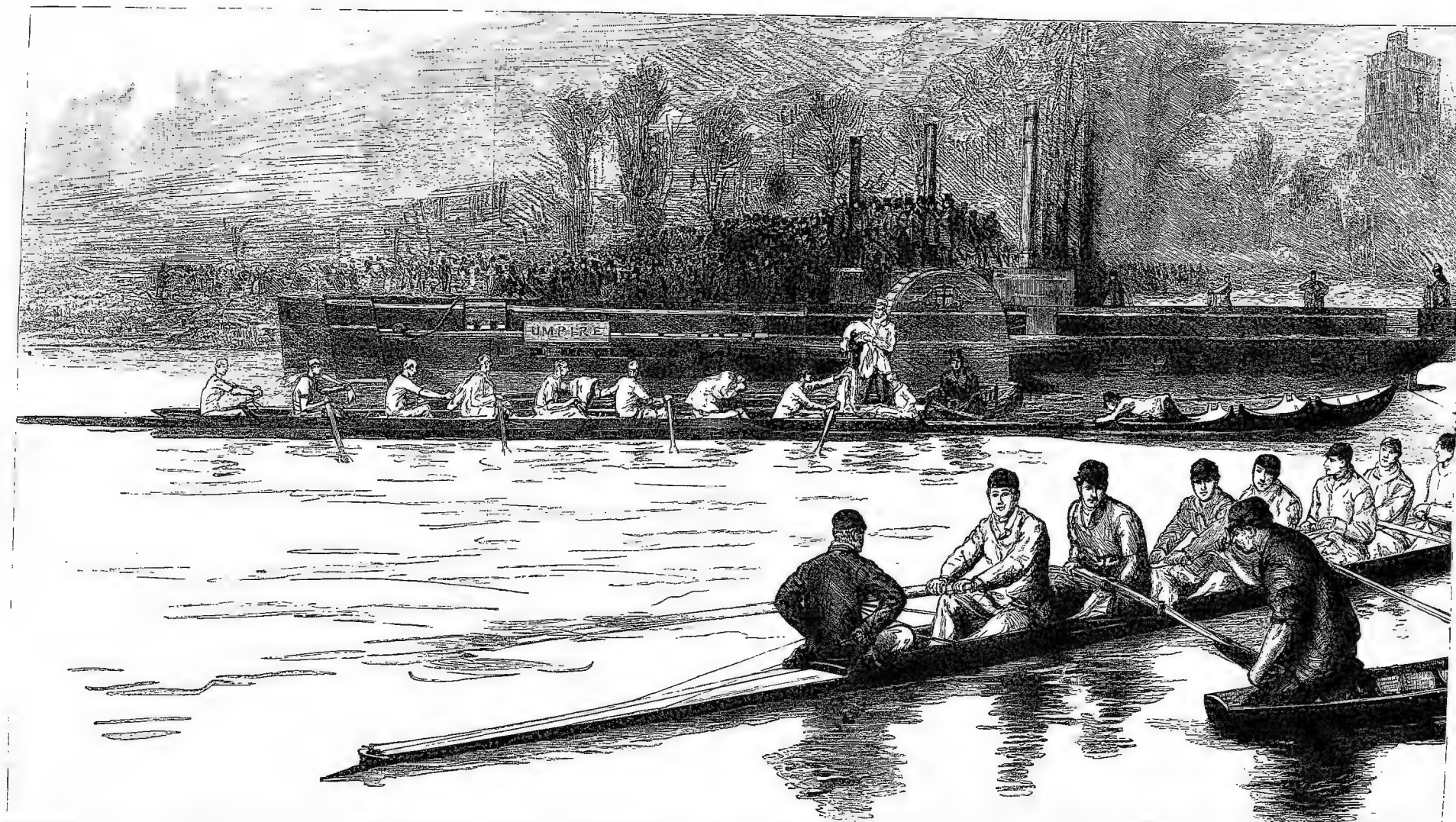
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REMINISCENCES OF AN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"And would go a walking by himself in the garden."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAREWELL TO DILSTON

OF all pleasant things upon the earth, there cometh an end in time. Nay, the more pleasant are the things, the shorter they are, and the faster do they hasten away. This is wisely ordained lest we forget in the present the joys which await us, greater than mind can conceive or tongue can utter, in the world to come. Whereas I, for my part, by foretaste, and as it were by looking through the gates of Paradise (which I certainly was permitted to do while my Lord bestowed his affections upon me) am privileged above my less fortunate fellow-creatures to know something of the grateful, happy, and contented heart of those who wear the golden crown and play upon the golden harp.

As the time drew near for us to go, it seemed as if everybody multiplied kindness. The two ladies gave me more pretty things with generous words, and Lady Mary whispered, pressing my hand, "My dear, remember that a Radcliffe must always be a Catholic," and I said "Yes; that I knew it well," thinking that she meant only that her nephew must not be converted to the Church of England by me. Lady Katharine took both my hands in hers, and kissed me on the forehead, saying that no doubt I should be led, by pleasant ways, to see the beauty and joyfulness of that Fold wherein alone poor sinful man could find peace and rest for his soul. This, too, I took for little meaning, because she was so good and so pious a woman that she wished everybody to belong to her own Church.

Nor did I yet understand what was meant by the text which forbids an unequal yoke. Certainly, we who had been brought up among so many Catholics, seeing them no worse (if no better) in honour, loyalty, and virtue than ourselves, were not likely to consider a man an unbeliever because he attended Mass. To this day, though I have long pondered upon the matter, I cannot quite persuade myself (with Mr. Hilyard) that St. Paul, when he set down certain instruction and commands, was thinking of the Pope and his followers. No; I was thinking, if I turned my thoughts at all in that direction, which I doubt, that my Lord might go to Dilston Chapel and I to Hexham Church, a separation painful in the idea, but doubtless it would be made tolerable in time.

Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, hinted at the matter more plainly. He said that he was rejoiced to find that my Lord's fancy was so soon, and so happily, fixed, that the Forsters were fully the equals of the Radcliffes, though there was not yet an Earl or a Baron among them. "My dear," he said, being an old gentleman of a very soft heart, anxious to make ladies happy when he could, "my dear, I knew and loved Lady Crewe ten years before she married the Bishop: a beautiful creature, indeed, she was, and full of great majesty, yet not so beautiful as you, my second Dorothy, believe me. For thou art as sweet and gracious, withal, as she was dignified. We country gentlemen were too rude and plain of speech for her. I blame her not, and she was born to be a Peeress, for her beauty and the awe with which she surrounded herself, as you, my child, for your beauty, too, and for your sweetness. Hath

my Lord told you that your smile is like the sunshine on a field of growing corn?"

"Oh! sir," I replied, "my Lord hath paid me many sweet compliments, and I think my head is half turned."

"Nay; a beautiful woman cannot rejoice too much in her beauty. See now, Miss Dorothy; we are all of us pleased that my Lord shall marry a North-country maiden, one of ourselves: the marriage of his father was not happy; we desire to keep all Radcliffes to the North; moreover, generous as he is, it cannot be denied that his Lordship does not know our gentlemen and their ways; nor our people and their ways; he must put off a little of the Versailles manner and descend to plain folk."

"Oh!" I declared, "one would not wish him altered one jot from what he is."

"Nay, keep him as he is; but make him something more; it is not enough to give; he must understand his people. Well, he can have no kinder schoolmistress. Pretty Dorothy! Thy blushes become thee, child, like the bloom becomes the peach. As for the one obstacle, to my mind it needs not to be named. One religion will take a man to Heaven as well as another, though Mr. Howard would not acknowledge it; and I am a Catholic, and should not say so. Let not pride prevent the removal of that obstacle. A religion held by so goodly a part of Christendom cannot be wrong; and you shall be rewarded with the noblest young lover that exists, I believe, in the whole world."

This speech chilled my spirits very considerably. For to change

my religion—what would her Ladyship say? What, my father? what, my brother Tom? what, the Bishop? Yet what matter what all together said if it made my Lord happy? And so, at the moment, it seemed a small thing and easy to change one's articles of religion and accept the chains of the Roman Faith.

Next, Mr. Howard sought me and begged a word. He said, speaking very gravely, that no one could affect ignorance of the fact that my Lord was fully possessed with the idea of a certain young gentlewoman; that the subject was much in his own mind; that, on the one hand, it was greatly to be hoped that he would ally himself to a family of the North, and with a gentlewoman whose good sense and moderation would prevent him from falling into the snares always laid for such as he; but these dangers were increased in his case by his ignorance of England and the English people; for example, that there was, he believed, great exaggeration as to the strength of the Prince's Cause, and therefore great caution must be observed as to any decisive movement; that he believed myself—that certain lady, namely—capable of giving good and wise counsel, and he earnestly prayed—at this point of his discourse the tears came into his eyes—that should the thing which he suspected proceed farther, such a measure of light and grace might be accorded to that young lady as to lead her to the bosom of the ancient Church—with more to the same effect, and all with such earnestness and so much affection towards my Lord and his interests, as moved me, too, to tears; especially when this venerable man spoke of the fellowship in the Church of Christ, one and indivisible, so much was I affected, so deeply did I feel the beauty of the pictures which he drew, that I verily believe, had he on the spot offered to receive me—if that offer had been made in the presence of my Lord himself—alas! one knows not; woman is at best a weak creature, easy to be led—but there might have been one more Catholic in the world; there might have been a happy bride; yet, as we may not choose but believe, and as the Bishop himself has often said, things are directed for us; we know not for what reason we are guided; nor can we tell in the great scheme of the universe what part even so insignificant a thing as a young woman (though of good family) may be called upon to play. His Lordship was not present; Mr. Howard did not offer to take me to the chapel; and so, with tears on both sides, we parted. Yet it must be confessed that I knelt to receive his blessing as if he had been the Bishop of Durham himself. When one converses with Papists like Mr. Howard, men so gentle, so blameless in life and conversation, so learned and so benevolent, one wonders about the hard things said daily of the Ancient Church; one forgets the cruel fires of Smithfield; one even forgets the Spanish Inquisition itself. It is not till afterwards that one asks if it would be possible, even for the sake of a lover, to belong to a Church which yearly tortures and strangles and burns men whose only crime is to think for themselves. How can these things be? How can the same Church produce at once, in the same generation, such a man as Mr. Howard and such a persecutor as the Grand Inquisitor?

Then Frank Radcliffe came. "I am right sorry you are going," he said. "The place will be dull without you, Dorothy. My Lord will hang his head and mope. I shall have no one to talk with. But you will come back soon. Promise me that, Dorothy. You know very well what I mean. Come back and make us all happy."

"Indeed," said Dorothy; "would my coming back make you all happy?"

"First," he said, "it would make my brother happy, because he is in love with you; next, me, because I love you, too, as well, but a man must give way to his elder brother; next because Charles loves you, too, and swears he is your Knight till death; and next my aunts, who will be happy if the Earl is happy. All of us, fair Dorothy."

"Well, Frank, it is good of you to say this. Remember that I know not what my Lord may intend; and if it were as you say, there would be much to consider."

"Oh! the Mass—the Mass," he replied, impatiently. "When one is brought up in the Fold one troubles one's head nothing about these things. To give up the Church would be a great thing, but surely there can be no trouble about coming back to it."

This shows how prejudiced the mind may become, when accustomed to the pretensions of Rome. But I was better brought up.

It cannot be denied that the contemplation of this amiable family, all combined in pressing upon me to accept what I most of all things in the world desired to obtain, was very moving to me, and when Lord Derwentwater himself conversed with me on the subject I was, I now confess, ready to yield unconditional submission. If men only knew the weakness of women, they could make them say or do what they please. But perhaps men themselves are not so strong as they seem to be. Indeed, that must be so.

"Fair Daphne," my lover began, "it is sad indeed to think that to-morrow thou must go from us. The sun will shine no more in Dilton."

"Oh! my Lord," I said, "do not talk any more the language of gallantry. You have spoiled me enough. I am but plain Tom Forster's sister, and in Northumberland we are not accustomed to your fine French compliments. Let me, however, thank your Lordship for your very great kindness both to my brother and to myself."

"Let there be no longer, then," he said, and as he spoke his beautiful eyes grew so soft and his voice so sweet that oh! my heart melted clean away, and I could have fallen at his feet, even like Esther at the feet of the Great King, and that without shame; "let there be no longer compliments between us. You shall be no more the Nymph Daphne; you shall be, what you are, Tom Forster's sister, only the beautiful and incomparable Dorothy, whom I love."

"Oh! my Lord! Think—I am no great lady of fashion—you would be ashamed of your rustic passion in a week."

"Ashamed! Why, Dorothy, with their paint and patches and powder there is not, believe me, in all Versailles and Paris, to say nothing of London, which I know not, there is nowhere, I swear, a woman fit to hold a candle beside so sweet a face as yours. My dear, thou art—no—I will not make any more compliments. But, Dorothy, I love thee." And with that he fell upon his knee, and began to kiss my hand, murmuring softly, "I love thee—my dear—I love thee, with all my heart."

"Oh! my Lord," I repeated, the fatal words having been spoken, overwhelmed with a kind of terror and awe and shame, because why should he love me so much? "You love me—you love me—alas! how can it be? What shall I say? Oh! What shall I say?"

"Say only, my dear, that you will love me in return."

Then there arose in my mind, doubtless sent by Heaven, the memory of certain words spoken by Mr. Hilyard concerning the Church of England, how that it was as ancient as the Church of Rome, and as safe, and yet unstained by the blood of martyrs. Also I seemed to see before me the awful form of the Bishop, tall and menacing, beckoning me with forefinger.

"Speak, Dorothy, my dear—oh! Dorothy, speak. Why are you trembling? Merciful Heaven! Have I said anything to terrify this tender heart? What troubles my love?"

"Oh, Lord Derwentwater, it is—the Mass!"

He let my hand fall, and for a moment he was silent. Then he began again, hotly:

"The Mass! Is it a Mass shall part us? Why, child, I love thee so well that I will give up Church and all for thy sweet sake if thou wilt not give up thy Church for mine. The Mass against thy

hand? Nay, I too will become of the English Church. Thou hast converted me already."

Was there ever so fond and true a lover? But I remembered again what he had said, months before, at Blanchland.

"No, no," I replied, "you cannot. Other men, smaller men, may change their faith; but you must not. Remember what you told me once—"

"Doth my sweet Dorothy remember even my idle words? All my words are idle except my last—that I love thee."

"Do I remember them, my Lord?—as if I could ever forget them. You said without knowing, then, what the words might some day mean, that I could persuade you to anything except what concerns your Honour, and that your Honour is concerned with your faith. Never—never shall it be said that I sought to turn you aside from your Honour. My Lord, if you seriously think of such a thing, put it out of your mind. Oh! what is a foolish worthless girl compared with the career and the history of a great Lord like yourself?"

He would have replied to this in the same hot strain, for there was now in his eyes the hot flame of love that will not be denied, the masterful look which frightens women, and compels them (yet I think he would never have compelled me to accept the sacrifice he offered), but Mr. Howard stepped between us. He had, I suppose, entered unseen, and heard the last words.

"I thank you, young lady," he said, "in the name of a greater even than his Lordship. The Holy Church thanks you. I would that all her daughters were as noble and as truly great as yourself. My Lord, your passion is honourable, as becomes your rank. You would neither do yourself nor ask Miss Dorothy to do what in her conscience she would not approve."

Lord Derwentwater answered not.

"Part here, my children," Mr. Howard continued. "Enough has been said. You, my Lord, can afford to wait six months. If your passion be what you think it to be, six months is a short time, indeed, for meditation and endeavour to make yourself worthy of this young lady. And for you, Miss Dorothy, I pray you to read the books which I shall give you. Believe me, you have my prayers, my earnest prayers, and those of the two saintly ladies of this House. In six months, my daughter, his Lordship, if he be in the same mind, and unless you have already sent him away, will look for your reply."

Lord Derwentwater, without a word, fell on his knee again, and kissed my fingers. Then he left the room with bowed head.

"Not the Chief of the Radcliffes only, but also his wife and his children and grandchildren, must remain in the ancient Catholic Faith," said Mr. Howard, gravely. And then I understood for the first time, fully, that the passion of my Lord, however vehement, would never, by those greater than himself, be allowed to imperil his adherence to the old Religion. Alas! just as poor Frank had said, "You play with us, you feast with us, you sport with us; but you will not allow us to fight for you, or to make laws for you, to administer justice to you." So I thought bitterly, that I might say, as a Protestant to the Catholics: "You play with us, you feast with us, you make love to us—but you will not marry us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GRIEVOUS DOUBT

So, after a long ride of three days, we arrived again at Bam-borough—what things had I seen since last we left the Manor House!—and in the quiet life as of old I had leisure to read and reflect upon the tracts and books given to me by Mr. Howard. In so far as they spoke of obedience to authority, then, truly, I was entirely at one with his friends, because I had always been brought up to submit myself dutifully to those in authority, and especially my spiritual pastors and masters. Yet I was thankful that our own rule was so light and our yoke so easy to be borne compared with the practices imposed upon the faithful in that other flock, as fasting throughout Lent, and on Fridays, and on many other days in the year. But when the books spoke of Early Fathers, and writings almost sacred, and Decretals, and so forth, then was I lost, because if these things were true, why was not the Lord Bishop converted long since, and the Vicar of Bam-borough? And, if they were not true, as was there stated, why was not the Pope long since converted? Ah! how happy a thing it would be for the whole world if the Pope could be converted! There would then be no more Inquisitions, no more tortures, no more quarrels, no more parting of lovers. The Bishop of Rome would be but as the Bishop of Canterbury—and this is a foolish woman's idle dream.

Truly, I was little forward for all my reading. I had no one with whom I could consult, because, as my Lord's proposals had not been made either to Tom or to my father, they were in a manner secret, at least for six months. Strange that Tom suspected nothing. Never was there at any time a man whose thoughts ran less upon love or anything to do with love, and as he never fell in love himself (which in the sequel proved a fortunate circumstance) so he never thought that any would fall in love with his sister. Still less would it appear to him possible that this could be the case with so great and exalted a man as Lord Derwentwater, for whom he entertained a profound veneration in spite of continual assurances, made for his own vanity, that a Forster was as good as a Radcliffe (which no one has ever presumed to doubt, I believe).

For a time, therefore, I meditated alone upon this important matter. It would be foolish to deny that I was greatly taken by the prospect which thus suddenly and unexpectedly opened out before my eyes. Natural pride in my own family forbade any feeling of inferiority—that James Radcliffe was the third Earl was only owing to his father's marriage with King Charles's daughter, who must needs have a husband among the Peers. The first baronet of the House received this title after—not before—the honour of knighthood was conferred upon Sir Claudius Forster. There was, therefore, no inequality as to family, and as for lands, possessions, and wealth it may be truly said that these entered little into my mind. But I acknowledge that my imagination was fired with the person and the qualities possessed by the owner of this coronet and these lands. And never since have I looked upon the like of that noble gentleman—call him rather a Prince—in whom were gathered together so many virtues without one defect. I felt in some sort even ashamed that such a man might offer his hand and service to one simple and inexperienced as she was, a mere gentlewoman with nothing but her beauty (such as that might be) and her virtue and piety (why, there was the rub) to recommend her. He knew Courts, and the great ladies of Versailles and St. Germain's. Was there one of them too high for him? Was there, among the greatest ladies of the proudest aristocracy in the world, even the Rohans, the Montmorencies, or the Lusignans, any who would not be honoured by such an offer from James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater?

To refuse it would seem madness; yet to accept it would be—might be—a sin so great that it would never be forgiven. It is cruel when Religion is pitted against Love, and when a girl has to choose between her lover and her hopes of Heaven.

For who would be converted by merely wishing? Who, by argument, readings, or thinking, can put away from his mind the doctrines in which he hath been brought up from childhood? A woman might bring herself to hear Mass; to call herself a Catholic; to confess; to submit to the Church for the sake of her lover and her husband; but with what despair must she look forward to that day when she must give up the pretence, and confess the falsehood of her life before an offended Judge?

I had from infancy been taught—and now firmly held—the doctrines of the Christian faith as professed by the Church of England. By what reasoning could I, unassisted, exchange these for the Roman Catholic doctrines? And, even if assisted—say by Mr. Howard—with what face could I ever afterwards meet the Bishop, and own to him that the authority of this simple Romish priest had more weight for me than the authority of himself, the great and lordly Bishop of Durham? Or with what reply could I meet the charge that I had thrown away my religion to get me a lover? Oh, shame! Yet such a lover!

The soul can play all manner of juggling tricks with herself. Therefore it is not wonderful that a woman should be led away for a time with cases and arguments which at first looked pretty enough, yet soon crumbled into dust and ashes. As that Naaman was allowed to go with his master into the Temple of Rimmon, though it is nowhere stated that he was to profess the worship of that idol, whoever he may be. (Mr. Hilyard says it was the Pomegranate and the symbol of fertility; but who would be so foolish as to worship a mere fruit? Naaman's master must surely have been better than a Fool.) And again, the example of Henry the Fourth of France, which hath misled many. Truly no more wicked speech could have been made than that of his, in which he spoke of valuing the Crown of France at more than a Mass. Put against this the noble example of Queen Elizabeth, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, went daily in peril of her life, yet would not give up the Protestant religion; and, if you will, the examples of King James the Second and his son, who gave up three crowns rather than relinquish the Faith which they (wrongly) believed to be true. There is no help for it, I suppose, but that women brought up in the Roman Faith must needs abide in it. How much the more, then, that we, who belong to the Pure and Reformed branch of the Universal Church, should cling to it as the only hope of our souls? As for controversy, Mr. Hilyard once said well, "There is nothing more excellent than religion; but to raise quarrels over it is to dishonour it. Why should that which is designed to make us happy in another world make us miserable in this?" Wherefore it comes to this, that the world will never be perfectly happy till we are all agreed to accept the Thirty-Nine Articles of the English Faith.

When that happy event will happen none can predict—perhaps not till long after the present century—a third part of which is already gone; perhaps not till the nineteenth century itself is drawing to a close, and the end of all things is approaching.

Presently I laid the case, but with feigned names and false circumstances, before Mr. Hilyard. I inquired of him his opinion as to change of creed in general, whether there were no cases in which it would be allowed (always supposing that reason and conscience went the other way). Thus I put before him (as if the Prince was in my mind) the case of a Sovereign whose conversion, real or pretended, would bring happiness to his country; or a godly minister whose obedience to the law would secure his services to his helpless parishioners; or a Bishop who, by outward conforming, might keep moderate doctrines in his Diocese; or a gentleman who by professing himself of the Church of England might obtain a commission of the Queen, and so rise to great honour; or a woman who, by acknowledging a Faith in which her conscience forbade her to engage, might make her lover happy, and, perhaps, in the event lead him to her own Church.

There never, surely, was a man stronger in the cause of Virtue than Mr. Hilyard. If there were more like him, the wickedness of the age would long since have wholly vanished. As for the example of his private life it becomes not a fellow-sinner to judge. If we may compare small with great, it cannot be denied that the King who wrote (by Divine guidance) the most perfect book of rules for the conduct of life, did by no means set a pattern of self-denial in his own practice. So with Mr. Hilyard.

I put forward my question with much confusion and many blushes, because I feared that Mr. Hilyard might guess the cause and secret purpose of her simulated cases. He answered not for some moments, looking earnestly into my face. Then he, too, changed colour, and gave his answer, walking about the room and in some agitation of manner which surprised me.

"As for the cases advanced," he said, "there are none to be for a moment considered, except the last. The King who sacrificed his conscience to his ambition laid open a way to greater evils. Heaven raised up in Henry IV. a champion for the Protestant Faith second only to that great and god-like man Coligny. Had he continued steadfast, the wars might have continued and France might have been partitioned; but the Protestants would have won their freedom. The duty of a minister is clearly indicated in the history and example of Mr. Gilpin, of Houghton-le-Spring, who persevered in his Protestant teaching throughout the reign of Bloody Mary, ever keeping ready a white shirt in which to present a comely appearance at the stake. Yet, being haled up to London, he broke his leg on the way, which, causing him to lie in bed, saved his life, because Mary died, and good Queen Bess succeeded. As for a young gentleman of a Catholic family, we have," he said, "many instances around us of those who, for want of a profession, pass idle and ignoble lives, as if drinking and sport were the only objects for which man, a rational being, was created. But as for their consciences, you must please to excuse me. I doubt much whether the conscience of such a young gentleman would trouble him so much as his sense of honour; and once entered upon the roll of a regiment, there would be mighty little further question as to religion. The English armies," he added, "are Protestant to the backbone. That cannot be denied. Yet how far their lives and daily conversation are guided by their religion, and how far their practice is conversant with their profession, I am not prepared to say. If, therefore, Miss Dorothy, any of his Honour's Catholic friends are minded to renounce the Pope, in order to bear a pike or carry the colours, encourage them by all means."

"There remains," he went on to say, "the last case." Then again he stopped, and again earnestly gazed upon my face. "I am not, I confess, deeply skilled in casuistry; nor can I advise as to the case. Yet, were it to arise, I would advise the woman to whom it occurs to take the matter seriously in hand, and if she have friends and relations in authority and high places, to lay the decision before them, as one which affects not her happiness only or the happiness of her lover, but also her conscience and her soul." He said this very seriously, so that his words fell deeply into my heart.

"I know," he went on, "that a beautiful woman can persuade a man who loves her to any course which she desires; for which cause Kings are led by their mistresses, and, in Catholic countries, the mistresses are guided by the priests. We need not go back to consider the cases of Achilles, of Samson, of Æneas, David, Mark Antony, and Solomon. There are instances enough of our own times. Witness our own Charles II. and the Grand Monarque himself, a slave to Madame de Maintenon. Truly, an amorous man is like a weathercock in the hands of the woman whom he loves. Wherefore the poets have rightly feigned that love turns one into a boar, and another into an ass, and a third into a wolf—why, the French King hath been boar, wolf, and ass in turn. But you may argue that the virtuous love of one woman and one man is not to be compared with the fleeting amours of a King. That is indeed true; not the less is it true that the woman able to fix the affections of one who, though a husband, remains a lover, may lead him whithersoever she pleases. The case, Miss Dorothy, is too high for me. If I were a Jesuit, I should say, 'The end justifies the means; let the maiden confer happiness upon the man, relying on her strength!'

lead him into a better way.' But I am an English Churchman, and I doubt. The rule is laid down plain for all to read, 'The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.' Wherefore let this young gentlewoman seek counsel of those in authority."

Mr. Hilyard said this with so much gravity that his words sank into my heart, and I began to ask myself seriously whether, even for my lover, I ought to do so grave a thing. For several days afterwards I observed that he was agitated, and would go a walking by himself in the garden, shaking his forefinger as he went, as one does who is in trouble. I knew very well, poor man, that he was in trouble about me, and that he had divined my secret.

I followed not his advice, however, in asking the counsel of those in authority. Rather I put the decision off, as is the custom of women when in a doubt. Time, accident, authority, would decide. Again, a woman must not for ever be thinking about her love affairs. Was there not my brother Tom to think of? Then came the spring, and June was soon upon us, and my Lord's visit was to come within a very little while, and I was no nearer the Altar and the Mass (yet still open to persuasion) than I had been at the New Year.

I know not how Lady Crewe became possessed of my secret, and, therefore, I was greatly astonished when I received, only the day before my Lord arrived, the following letter, sent to me all the way from Durham by special messenger. The letter, wrapped in three folds of paper, was superscribed: "These for the private eye of my niece, Dorothy Forster." I opened it with such fear and trembling as always seize the person who receives a letter. And all the more because I knew from whence it came, and guessed quickly what it might contain.

"My dear and loving niece," the letter began. "It hath been brought to my knowledge that a young gentleman, whose name need not be mentioned between us, is desirous of making thee an offer of his hand and estate. The hand is most honourable and the estate is goodly. Also the young gentleman is reported to possess virtues and accomplishments quite uncommon even among those of exalted rank. For these reasons, the Bishop and myself would be willing to give our approval to the proposal as one likely to lead to the earthly happiness of both, although he is still a man in very early manhood. My own happiness, as my niece knows very well, has been obtained by marriage with a man forty years my senior, and immeasurably above what any woman can hope in wisdom, benevolence, and true piety. Yet I say not that happiness may not be had between persons more nearly of an age—when, that is, the husband is able to inspire respect, if not awe, and the wife is filled with the desire of doing her duty according to the submission enjoined by Apostolic law.

"There is, however, in this case, the difficulty that the young gentleman is a Catholic, and may not marry any outside the pale of his own Church. Nor can he, being bound in honour, change the faith in which he hath been educated. My Lord the Bishop hath very seriously considered the case, and asked himself the question whether a young woman in such a position may with a good conscience embrace the religion of her lover. He bids me now admonish you that such an act, even with the intention of, perhaps, weaning her lover from his opinions, cannot be allowed as lawful or permitted on the ground of expediency. Wherefore, my dear Dorothy, should this suit be persevered in, we look from thee for such behaviour as becomes the dignity of a Forster and the duty of a Churchwoman. And think not but that thou shalt be rewarded in some way—how, we know not, yet believe that she who doth righteously shall receive a Crown. Marriage, child, is an honourable condition; yet they do well sometimes who are not married; and truly, I myself waited until I was already twenty-seven before I married my Lord.

"I learn, further, that thy brother knoweth naught of this matter. It is well; Tom is more generous than prudent; his counsels are too much guided by the wine of yesterday. Tell him nothing unless it be necessary; let it not be known for vanity's sake that this alliance was offered to you; let it be kept a secret for the sake of the young gentleman, that you refused him. In all difficulties, my dear niece, write to me for guidance, resting well assured that the Bishop is ever ready to give his consideration to the affairs of his wife's family.

"I hear little or nothing new from London. They talk of letters between the Prince and his sister; and that he is now at Bar-le-Duc. Our friends in London are daily growing more confident, and the country is reported more impatient; therefore we hope and pray daily that, when the Queen dies, though this event may not happen for a great many years, the Prince will quietly return and take his place without opposition, or any bloodshed.

"I grieve that my nephew Tom doth not yet consider it to be his duty to marry, so that heirs may be reared for the great estate which he will some day obtain. The misfortunes of the Forsters in losing three goodly sons without issue have been so great that I would fain see another generation arise in whom the line should be continued. There were nine of us as children—who would desire more?—and now but one survives—myself. I learn that the monument I have ordered for my brother's memory is nearly ready for Bamborough Church. Wherefore I purpose this summer, if my Lord's health continues good, to journey northwards in order to see that my design hath been faithfully carried out. I am desired by the Bishop to convey to thee his blessing.—Thy loving aunt, DOROTHY CREWE."

This letter was like a surgeon's knife—so keen was its edge and so intolerable was its pain, even though wholesome for the soul!

The inclination of a girl is not a thing with which the world is concerned. Yet I must confess that the pain, the anguish, the bitterness of losing that dear hope which had made me happy for six months, were more than I could well bear. Alas! I know the pains of love as well as the blessings of love. Oh! why—why could they not let me alone? Why should not I make my Lord happy for a short lifetime, and pretend for his dear sake the belief which I could not feel? Happy those who number not a Bishop among their parents and superiors!

So, farewell Love. And now for a time the sun was to be darkened, the moon was to shed no light; there would be no perfume of flowers, sweet breath of wind; the sea should be as a blood-red sheet, and the green fields as a desert of sand—until the Lord should send a softened heart with resignation to the Heavenly will.

(To be continued)

ALL-NIGHT SITTINGS BEING NO UNLIKELY PROSPECT in the present temper of the British Parliament, weary Members might petition the Government officials to follow the example of the New South Wales authorities, who lately placed beds on the floor of the Council-Chamber to rest the sleepy politicians waiting for a division on the Land Bill. The proceeding, however, greatly raised the ire of some of the Legislative Council, who complained to the Home authorities.

A CONGRESS OF NORTH POLE EXPLORERS meets in Vienna on April 22nd, invitations being sent to the chiefs of the Expeditions undertaken in August, 1882, for meteorological studies. Another International gathering, of a very different kind, takes place in Vienna a week earlier—the first Ornithological Congress. Crown Prince Rudolph, himself an eminent naturalist, patronises the meeting, and the main points to be discussed are the establishment of stations for ornithological observations all over the world, and an International law for the protection of birds.

MEADOW THOUGHTS

THE old house stood by the silent country road, secluded by many a long, long mile, and yet again secluded within the great walls of the garden. Often and often I rambled up to the milestone which stood under an oak, to look at the chipped inscription low down—"To London, 79 Miles." So far away, you see, that the very inscription was cut at the foot of the stone, since no one would be likely to want that information. It was half hidden by docks and nettles, despised and unnoticed. A broad land this seventy-nine miles—how many meadows and corn-fields, hedges and woods, in that distance?—wide enough to seclude any house, to hide it, like an acorn in the grass. Those who have lived all their lives in remote places do not feel the remoteness. No one else seemed to be conscious of the breadth that separated the place from the great centre, but it was, perhaps, that consciousness which deepened the solitude to me. It made the silence more still; the shadows of the oaks yet slower in their movement; everything more earnest. To convey a full impression of the intense concentration of Nature in the meadows is very difficult—everything is so utterly oblivious of man's thought and man's heart. The oaks stand—quiet, still—so still that the lichen loves them. At their feet the grass grows, and heeds nothing. Among it the squirrels leap, and their little hearts are as far away from you or I as the very wood of the oaks. The sunshine settles itself in the valley by the brook, and abides there whether we come or not. Glance through the gap in the hedge by the oak, and see how concentrated it is—all of it, every blade of grass, and leaf, and flower, and living creature, finch or squirrel.

Lime-tree branches overhung the corner of the garden-wall, whence a view was easy of the silent and dusty road, till over-arching oaks concealed it. The white dust heated by the sunshine, the green hedges, and the heavily-massed trees, white clouds rolled together in the sky, a footpath opposite lost in the fields, as you might thrust a stick into the grass, tender lime-leaves caressing the cheek, and silence. Among the lime-trees along the wall the birds never built, though so close and sheltered. They built everywhere but there. To the broad coping-stones of the wall under the lime-boughs speckled thrushes came almost hourly, sometimes to peer out and reconnoitre if it was safe to visit the garden, sometimes to see if a snail had climbed up the ivy. Then they dropped quietly down into the long strawberry patch immediately under. The cover of strawberries is the constant resource of all creeping things; the thrushes looked round every plant and under every leaf and runner. One toad always resided there, often two, and as you gathered a ripe strawberry you might catch sight of his black eye watching you take the fruit he had saved for you. Down the road skims an eave-swallow, swift as an arrow, his white back making the sun-dried dust dull and dingy; he is seeking a pool for water, and will waver to and fro by the brook below till he finds a convenient place to alight. Thence back to the eave here, where for forty years he and his ancestors built in safety. Two white butterflies fluttering round each other rise over the limes, once more up over the house, and soar on till their white shows no longer against the illumined air. A grasshopper calls on the sward by the strawberries, and immediately fillops himself over seven leagues of grass-blades. Yonder a line of men and women file across the field, seen for a moment as they pass a gateway, and the hay changes from hay-colour to green behind them as they turn the under side upwards. They are working hard, but it looks easy, slow, and sunny. How pleasant it would be to read in the shadow! There is a broad shadow on the sward by the strawberries cast by a tall and fine-grown American crab-tree. The very place for a book; and although I know it is useless, yet I go and fetch one and dispose myself on the grass. I can never read in sunshine out-of-doors. Though in shadow the bright light fills it, summer shadows are broadest daylight. The page is so white and hard, the letters so very black, the meaning and drift not quite intelligible, because neither eye nor mind will dwell upon it. Human thoughts and imaginings written down are pale and feeble in bright summer light. The eye wanders away, and rests more lovingly on green sward and green lime leaves. The mind wanders yet deeper and farther into the dreamy mystery of the azure sky. Once now and then, determined to write down that mystery and delicious sense while actually in it, I have brought out table and ink and paper, and sat there in the midst of the summer day. Three words, and where is the thought? Gone. The paper is so obviously paper, the ink so evidently ink, the pen so stiff; all so inadequate. You want colour, flexibility, light, sweet low sound—all these to paint it and play it in music, at the same time you want something that will answer to and record in one touch the strong throb of life and the thought, or feeling, or whatever it is that goes out into the earth and sky and space, endless as a beam of light. The very shade of the pen on the paper tells you how utterly hopeless it is to express these things. The delicacy and beauty of the thought or feeling is so extreme that it cannot be inked in; it is like the green and blue of field and sky, of veronica flower and grass blade, which in their own existence throw light and beauty on each other, but in artificial colours repel. Take the table indoors again, and the book; the thoughts and imaginings of others are vain, and of your own too deep to be written.

The sunlight put out the books I brought into it just as it put out the fire on the hearth indoors. The tawny flames floating upwards could not bite the crackling sticks when the full beams came pouring on them. Such extravagance of light overcame the little earth fire till it was screened from the power of the heavens. So here in the shadow of the American crab-tree the light of the sky put out the written pages. The books were put out, unless a screen were placed between them and the light of the sky—that is, an assumption, so as to make an artificial mental darkness.

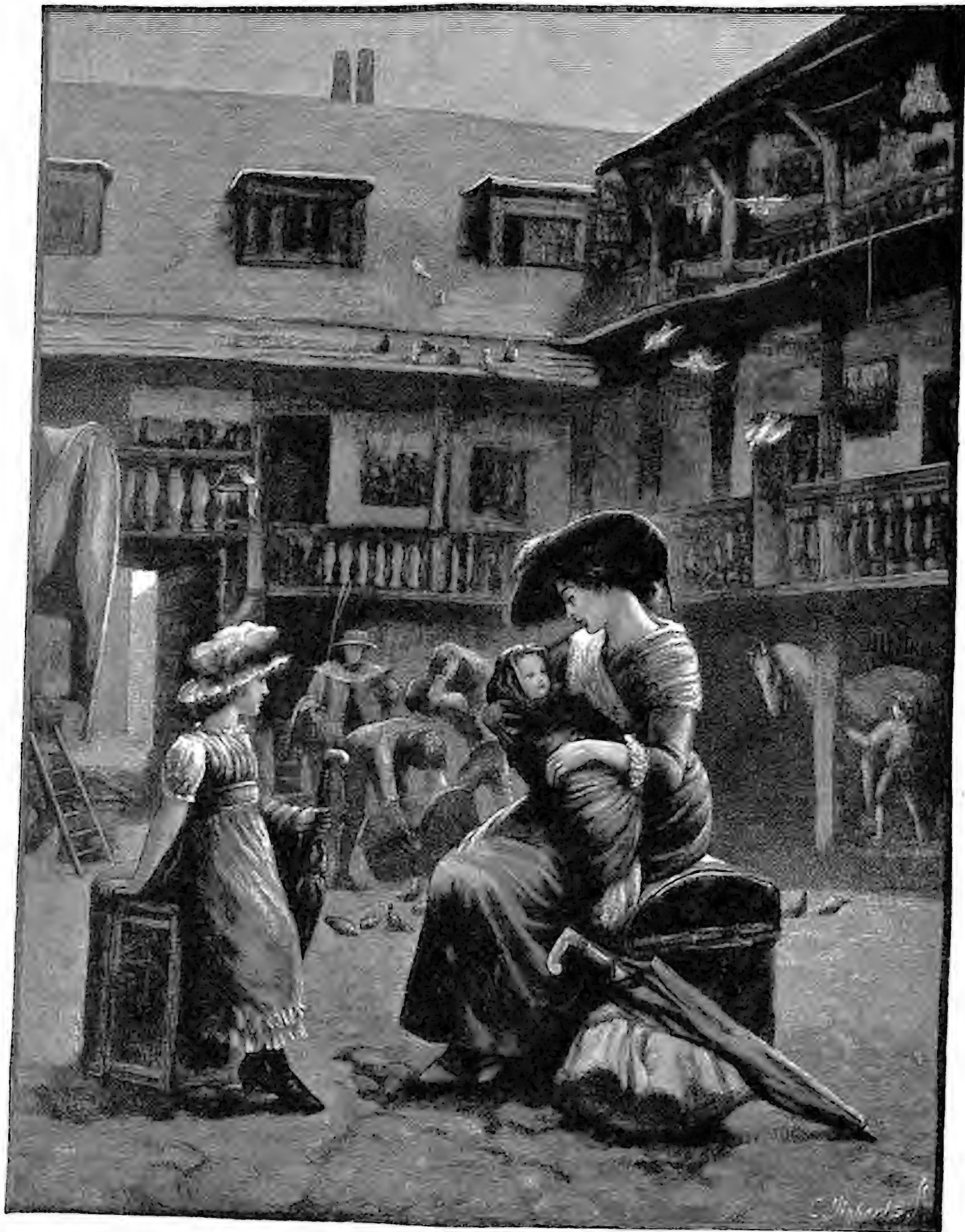
The little lawn beside the strawberry-bed, burned brown there, and green towards the house shadow, holds how many myriad grass blades? Here they are all matted together, long, and dragging each other down. Part them, and beneath them are still more, overhung and trodden. The fibres are intertangled, woven in an endless basket-work and chaos of green and dried threads. A blameable profusion this; a fifth as many would be enough; altogether a wilful waste here. As for these insects that spring out of it as I press the grass, a hundredth part of them would suffice. The American crab-tree is a snowy mount in spring; the flakes of bloom, when they fall, cover the grass with a film—a bushel of bloom, which the wind takes and scatters afar. The extravagance is sublime. The two little cherry-trees are as wasteful; they throw away handfuls of flower; but in the meadows the careless, spend-thrift ways of grass and flower and all things are not to be expressed. Seeds by the hundred million float with absolute indifference on the air. The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, and never hides a single acorn. Nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste is delicious to behold. Never was there such a lying proverb as "Enough is as good as a feast." Give me the feast, give me squandered millions of seeds, luxurious carpets of petals, green mountains of oak-leaves. The greater the waste the greater the enjoyment, the nearer the approach to real life. Casuistry is of no avail; the fact is obvious; Nature flings treasures abroad, puffs them with open lips along on every breeze, piles up lavish layers of them in the free open air, packs countless numbers

together in the needles of a fir-tree. Prodigality and superfluity are stamped on everything she does. The ear of wheat returns a hundredfold the grain from which it grew. The surface of the earth offers to us far more than we can consume—the grains, the seeds, the fruits, the animals, the abounding products are beyond the power of all the human race to devour. They can, too, be multiplied a thousandfold. There is no natural lack. Whenever there is lack among us it is from artificial causes, which intelligence should remove. From the littleness, and meanness, and niggardliness forced upon us by circumstances, what a relief to turn aside to the exceeding plenty of Nature! There are no bounds to it, there is no comparison to parallel it, so great is this generosity. No physical reason exists why every human being should not have sufficient, at least, of necessities. For any human being to starve, or even to be in trouble about the procuring of simple food, appears, indeed, a strange and unaccountable thing, quite upside-down, and contrary to sense, if you do but consider a moment the enormous profusion the earth throws at our feet.

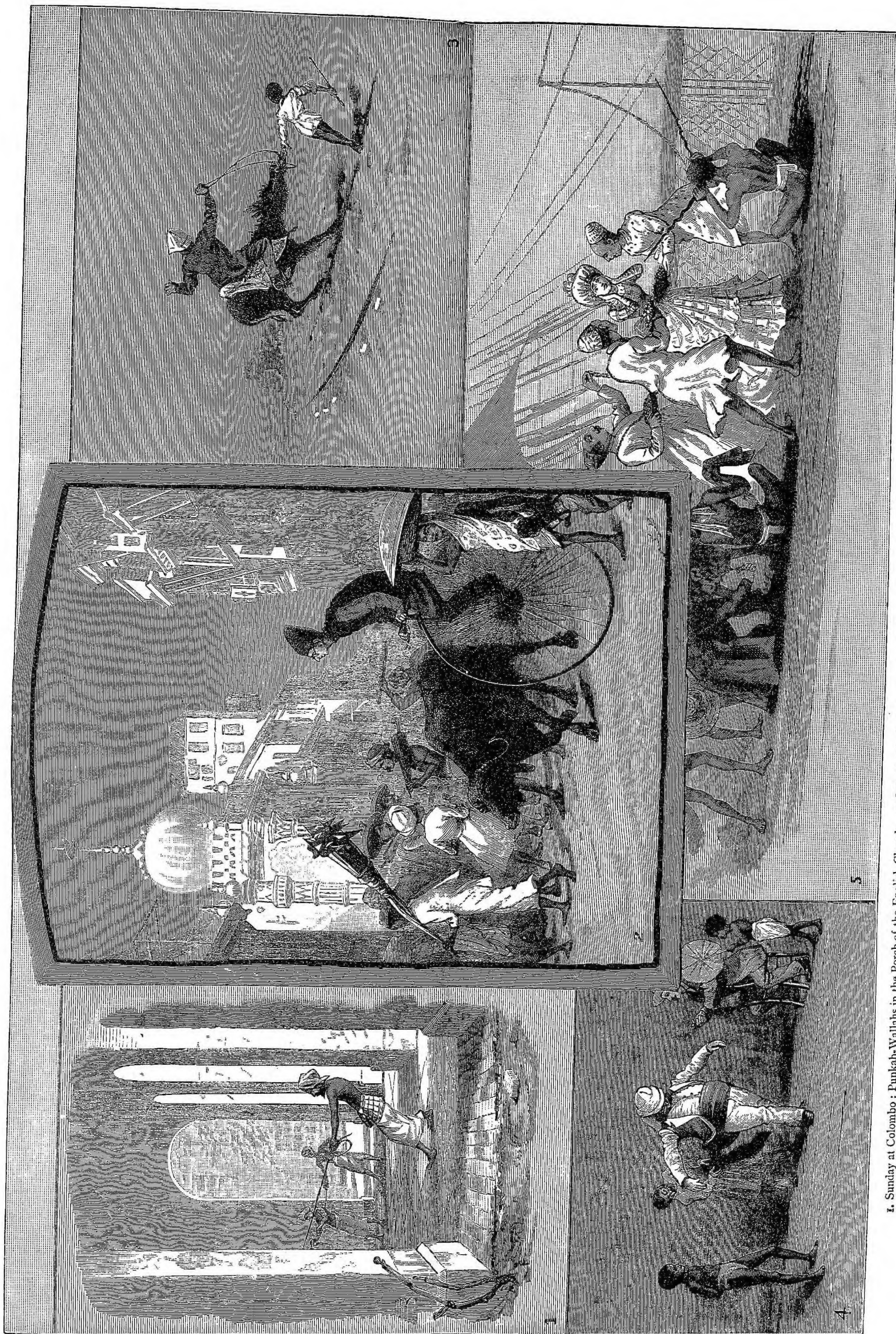
The white-backed eave-swallow has returned many, many times from the shallow drinking-place by the brook to his half-built nest. Sometimes the pair of them cling to the mortar they have fixed under the eave, and twitter to each other about the progress of the work. They dive downwards with such velocity when they quit hold that it seems as if they must strike the ground, but they shoot up again, over the wall and the lime-trees. A thrush has been to the arbour yonder twenty times, it is made of crossed laths, and overgrown with "tea-plant," and the nest is inside the lathwork. A sparrow has visited the rose-tree by the wall—the buds are covered with aphides. A brown tree-creeper has been to the limes, then to the cherries, and even to a stout lilac stem. No matter how small the tree, he tries all that are in his way. The bright colours of a bullfinch were visible a moment just now as he passed across the shadows farther down the garden under the damson-trees and into the bushes. The grasshopper has gone past and along the garden-path, his voice is not heard now; but there is another coming. While I have been dreaming, all these and hundreds out in the meadow have been intensely happy. So concentrated on their little work in the sunshine, so intent on the tiny egg, on the insect captured on the grass-tip to be carried to the eager fledglings, so joyful in listening to the song poured out for them or in pouring it forth, quite oblivious of all else. It is in this intense concentration that they are so happy. The starlings fly so swiftly and so straight that they seem to leave a black line along the air. They have a nest in the roof, they are to and fro it and the meadow the entire day, from dawn till eve. The espalier apple, like a screen, hides the meadow from me, so that the descending starlings appear to dive into a space behind it. Sloping downwards the meadow makes a valley; I cannot see it, but know that it is golden with buttercups, and that a brook runs in the groove of it. Afar yonder I can see a summit beyond where the grass swells upwards to a higher level than this spot. There are bushes and elms whose height is decreased by distance on the summit, horses in the shadow of the trees, and a small flock of sheep crowded, as is their wont, in the hot and sunny gateway. By the side of the summit is a deep green trench, so it looks from here, in the hill side: it is really the course of a streamlet worn deep in the earth. I can see nothing between the top of the espalier screen and the horses under the elms on the hill. But the starlings go up and down into the hollow space, which is aglow with golden buttercups, and, indeed, I am looking over a hundred finches eagerly searching, sweetly calling, happy as the summer day. A thousand thousand grasshoppers are leaping, thrushes are labouring, filled with love and tenderness, doves cooing, there is as much joy as there are leaves on the hedges. Faster than the starling's flight my mind runs up to the streamlet in the deep green trench beside the hill. Pleasant it was to trace it upwards, narrowing at every ascending step, till the thin stream, thinner than fragile glass, did but merely slip over the stones. A little less and it could not have run at all, water could not stretch out to greater tenuity. It smoothed the brown growth on the stones, stroking it softly. It filled up tiny basins of sand, and ran out at the edges between minute rocks of flint. Beneath it went under thickest brooklime, blue flowered, and serrated water parsnips, lost like many a mighty river for awhile among a forest of leaves. Higher up masses of bramble and projecting thorn stopped the explorer, who must wind round the grassy mound. Pausing to look a moment there were meads under with the shortest and greenest herbage, perpetually watered, and without one single buttercup, a strip of pure green among yellow flowers and yellowing corn. A few hollow oaks on whose boughs the cuckoos stayed to call, two or three peewits coursing up and down, larks singing, and for all else silence. Between the wheat and the grassy mound the path was almost closed, burdocks and brambles thrust the adventurer outwards to brush against the wheat. Upwards till suddenly it turned, and led by steep notches in the bank, as it seemed, down to the roots of the elm trees. The clump of elms grow right over a deep and rugged hollow, their branches reached out across it, roofing in the cave. Here was the spring, at the foot of a perpendicular rock, moss-grown low down, and overrun with creeping ivy higher. Green thorn bushes filled the chinks and made a wall to the well, and the long narrow heart's tongue streaked the face of the cliff. Behind the thick thorns hid the course of the streamlet, in front rose the solid rock, upon the right hand the sward came to the edge—it shook every now and then as the horses in the shade of the elms stamped their feet—on the left hand the ears of wheat peered over the verge. A rocky cell in concentrated silence of green things. Now and again a finch, a starling, or a sparrow would come meaning to drink—athirst from the meadow or the cornfield—and start and almost entangle their wings in the bushes, so completely astonished that any one should be there. The spring rises in a hollow under the rock imperceptibly, and without bubble or sound. The fine sand of the shallow basin is undisturbed—no tiny water-volcano pushes up a dome of particles. Nor is there any crevice in the stone, but the basin is always full and always running over. As it slips from the brim a gleam of sunshine falls through the boughs and meets it. To this cell I used to come once now and then on a summer's day, tempted, perhaps, like the finches, by the sweet cool water, but drawn also by a feeling that could not be analysed. Stooping, I lifted the water in the hollow of my hand—carefully, lest the sand might be disturbed—and the sunlight gleamed on it as it slipped through my fingers. Alone in the green-roofed cave, alone with the sunlight and the pure water, there was a sense of something more than these. The water was more to me than water, and the sun than sun. The gleaming rays on the water in my palm held me for a moment, the touch of the water gave me something from itself. A moment, and the gleam was gone, the water flowing away, but I had had them. Beside the physical water and physical light I had received from them their beauty; they had communicated to me this silent mystery. The pure and beautiful water, the pure, clear, and beautiful light, each had given me something of their truth.

So many times I came to it, toiling up the long and shadowless hill in the burning sunshine, often carrying a vessel to take some of it home with me. There was a brook, indeed; but this was different, it was the spring; it was taken home as a beautiful flower might be brought. It is not the physical water, it is the sense or feeling that it conveys. Nor is it the physical sunshine, it is the sense of inexpressible beauty which it brings with it. Of such I still drink, and hope to do so still deeper.

RICHARD JEFFERIES



AN INN-YARD IN THE LAST CENTURY—WAITING FOR THE WAGGON



1. Sunday at Colombo: Punkah-Wallahs in the Porch of the English Church.—2. Bicycling in Bombay.—3. An Awkward Fix at Suez.—4. Trying on a Cumberbund at Aden.—5. Curio Sellers at Colombo.
COLOMBO TO SUEZ VIA BOMBAY



It is strange that so remarkable a genius as Johann Gottfried Von Herder should have been up to the present time without an English biographer. Here and there in the writings of Coleridge, Carlyle, Lewes, F. D. Maurice, and others, there are passages dealing with Herder's philosophy and writings; but no biography existed at all adequate to the subject until Mr. Henry Nevinston wrote his "Sketch of Herder and His Times" (Chapman and Hall). In the preface the work is modestly described as "a supplementary note to Carlyle's Essays on German Literature." The "note," however, extends to four hundred and fifty large pages. It is not to be discovered that Mr. Nevinston has made any original research, or that he has obtained facts or documents hitherto unknown; but he has studied with diligence every available authority, has collated his facts with care, and has put them together in a manner which never, indeed, causes his book to rise to the height of the classic biographies, but which makes it nevertheless interesting and meritorious. He would, indeed, be a poor writer who could produce a dull book about a character so remarkable as that of Herder, and about times so intellectually exciting as those in which he lived. Three chapters towards the close of the book, called respectively "The Good," "The Beautiful," and "The Complete," offer a statement of Herder's philosophy, and show him as a man determined to maintain a pure and lofty standard of right conduct; liberal in his interpretation of the Bible; with inadequate speculations on the nature of beauty, yet filled himself with the sense of beauty, as his poems show; with insight, and a vigorous mind, and enough philosophic imagination to deduce laws from the enormous number of facts furnished by his great reading. Yet Mr. Nevinston does not call his hero either priest, poet, or philosopher, "in the ordinary sense of the terms;" he only claims that Herder "had some skill in choosing out the leading threads in the tangled skein of life." To some people the most interesting thing about Herder is his friendship with Goethe; and on this Mr. Nevinston has naturally much to say. Of Kant, Jacobi, Wieland, Lavater, and many another great German there is also much in these pages. His style is the least pleasant thing about Mr. Nevinston's book. It is pale Carlylese. The book is dedicated "in grateful reverence to the memory of Thomas Carlyle." Is this dedication the first sign of the reaction which Professor Tyndall predicted when unveiling the Carlyle statue at Chelsea—a reaction the Professor said, is to clear Carlyle's fame as the winds clear an Alpine peak of the vapours which encumber it?

Two of the latest additions to the charming Parchment Library of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. are "English Comic Dramatists," edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford; and "The Vicar of Wakefield," edited by Mr. Austin Dobson. The latter writer furnishes a short preface, a brief biography, and copious notes to Goldsmith's novel. The notes, while not too long, supply just such elucidation as the modern reader, not too well acquainted with eighteenth-century literature, requires. Altogether this is probably the best edition extant of Goldsmith's story. Mr. Oswald Crawford has had a more difficult task. He has selected from hundreds of English plays those scenes which, in his estimation, show English comic writers at their best. The writers selected are Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Colley Cibber, Congreve, Addison, Farquhar, Gay, Goldsmith, Cumberland, and Sheridan, with whom, says Mr. Crawford, comedy died, owing to the change which came over English manners with the disappearance of wigs, gold-laced coats, canes, and swords. "There was now a dull uniformity in life, and nothing left for comedy to make play with." Mr. Crawford's introduction is full of suggestiveness. Each scene is prefaced by a brief account of the playwright, and a summary of the play which renders the extracts intelligible.

As an aid in the study of literature and history there are few more convenient compilations than Professor John Nichol's "Tables of European History, Literature, and Art, from A.D. 200 to 1882" (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons), of which the third edition, so much altered and enlarged as to be practically a new book, is now before us. Each page of the book is devoted to a particular period, which is divided by horizontal lines into centuries, half or quarter centuries, or decades, according to its importance. Vertical lines divide the page into five columns, devoted respectively to foreign history, English and Scotch history, English literature, foreign literature, and the Arts. Thus in Table V., which extends from the middle of the fourteenth century to A.D. 1425, a glance shows that about the time Charles VI. was reigning in France the Black Prince died in England, Chaucer was at the height of his fame, Froissart was writing his "Chronicles," and Milan Cathedral was commenced. Or to take a later example, we find that about the time of the Peace of Nimeguen, Whigs and Tories first became known in England, Aphra Behn was writing her romances, Lulli was fiddling his way to fame, Berkeley was disputing with Malebranche in his cell, and Betterton was the ornament of the London stage. These examples show the scope of Professor Nichol's tables, which are admirably clear, well-arranged, and comprehensive.

In "Citizen Soldiers" (Kegan Paul and Co.), Captain H. Spenser Wilkinson speaks the right word about the Volunteers, and speaks it boldly. He hits the worst blots in the force. "The Volunteers," he says, "are utterly unfit in respect of their training, their equipment, and their organisation to cope with Continental soldiers," and he condemns with excellent reason the shooting, the marching, and the manœuvring of the force. Just at this time, when a new step is being taken in the conduct of the Easter manœuvres, Captain Wilkinson's book makes a timely appearance. There has latterly been far too much flattering of the Volunteers, and this little volume should be carefully studied by all Volunteer officers and privates, and especially by the authorities, who alone can make the citizen army all that it should be. There is not a particle of exaggeration in Captain Wilkinson's warnings; but while severe on shortcomings, he has firm faith in the Volunteer movement, and the adoption of his suggestions would bring the force to a high state of efficiency. Volunteering has for some time ceased to be play; but the proper steps have not yet been taken to make it completely earnest. The Volunteers are willing enough; it is the War Office which is supine: and this capital little book ought to have the effect of opening official eyes wide.

Mr. John George Goddard has done well to put on record in "George Birkbeck, the Pioneer of Popular Education" (Bemrose and Sons), all that it is necessary to know concerning a man of whose philanthropic labours the present generation is reaping the fruit. The credit for the foundation of Mechanics' Institutions does not rest entirely with Birkbeck; but it was his enthusiasm and unflagging energy which carried the movement successfully through the opposition it at first encountered. Mr. Goddard's book is mainly devoted to the history of the well-known institution in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, called after Dr. Birkbeck, but it deals at some length with the general movement for popular education.

Miss Octavia Hill has republished, under the title "Homes of the London Poor" (Macmillan and Co.), seven essays contributed by her at various times to periodicals. Miss Hill's plan for bettering the condition of the dwelling-houses of the poor has been, as is pretty well

known, to buy house property in some bad quarters of London, and to herself assume the management of the houses, assisted by a staff of voluntary workers, generally ladies. The credit of the undertaking belonged originally to Mr. Ruskin, who freely gave large sums of money to the work. Mr. Ruskin had the practical sagacity to see that to succeed properly the scheme must be made self-supporting, and that the houses must return a profit. On this point Miss Hill was at first sceptical; but a long experience has amply convinced her of the wisdom of Mr. Ruskin's advice. Every one who cares for the question of the hour should read these deeply interesting papers. They are the record of a noble work ably carried out.

Colonel G. B. Malleeson's "Rambles in Alpine Lands" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is a pleasant unaffected book, free from the usual defects of tales of travel. It contains no frenzies about waterfalls, and rhapsodies about sunsets; but tells its story with an enthusiasm which is all the more contagious because it is kept well in hand. The greater part of the book is occupied with a description of Tyrol, Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, and the Bavarian Highlands. Colonel Malleeson praises highly the beauty of the scenery of these provinces, and the character of their inhabitants. Living is cheap, and tourists are advised to leave the hackneyed routes of Switzerland for the comparatively little-known beauties which await them in Austria.

Miss Helen Zimmern has done a service to English readers by translating "Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales," by Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), (T. Fisher Unwin). These short stories are very beautiful. They are the work of a true artist, and one who has faced gravely and courageously the greatest sorrows of life. The tales are melancholy yet hopeful; and though they often bring tears to the reader's eyes, they do not leave him sorrowful. Miss Zimmern's translation and introduction are both excellent.

What is to be said of "The Humour and Pathos of Charles Dickens," selected by Charles Kent (Chapman and Hall)? What need is there for such a volume? Whom does it enlighten? For Mr. Kent has not criticised; he has simply selected various detached passages from Dickens' books, and bound them together in chronological order. Mr. Kent knows his Dickens well, and has before now written well about him; but surely his time has been wasted in this last effort. The most that can be hoped of it is that the book may send some casual and benighted reader yet unacquainted with Dickens from the extracts to the books themselves.

Mr. Clark Russell is always worth reading when he writes about these. "Round the Galley Fire" (Chatto and Windus) is a collection in book form of a number of papers contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*. Some are essays on sea subjects; others are tales of sea life and adventure, humorous, pathetic, and tragic. All are worthy of republication, and landsmen may instruct themselves deeply in matters of the sea by studying Mr. Russell's tales.

An English writer, calling himself "A Brutal Saxon," has issued a counterblast to Max O'Rell's "John Bull et Son Ile." "John Bull's Neighbour In Her True Light" (Wyman and Sons) is a poor piece of invective, wanting in every quality which might make it effective. The writer seems to have a cordial hatred of France and everything French. Here and there he hits a blot, but his bigotry and intemperance are painfully apparent.—"Chromancy, or the Science of Palmistry," by Henry Frith and Ed. Heron Allen (G. Routledge and Sons) is an entertaining little book on a now fashionable topic. The authors set forth their laws with amusing seriousness, and parade once again the whole Kabbalistic scheme of planetary influences. They compare the hand to a looking-glass, in which each may read his own fate when he has learned from this volume how it's done.—In an age of whitewashing it is odd that no one has hitherto attempted to whitewash Lady Macbeth. The attempt is made by M. Leigh-Noel in "Lady Macbeth: A Study" (Wyman and Sons). The author "believes it requires only a little care and patience to discover in Lady Macbeth many true womanly traits, and even endearing qualities," and he supports his views with some ingenuity of analysis and reasoning. Why does not Miss Ellen Terry adopt this idea, and give us a "new reading" of Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum to the Macbeth of Mr. Irving?

Handbooks are often issued nowadays by railway and steamship companies for the information of their passengers, but hitherto no work has come under our notice comparable for elaboration and magnificence to the Illustrated Guide lately issued on the joint behalf of the Orient Steam Navigation Company and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, by the managers of the Line. Within the covers of this large and handsome volume, which, when laid on the saloon table, will be a source of never-ending instruction and amusement to the passengers during a voyage, there is comprised a complete history of the modern arts of seamanship and navigation—so that the veriest land-lubber cannot fail to become something of a sailor after reading it; an account of the vessels comprising the Orient Fleet, with tinted portraits of each ship, and careful plans of the saloon and cabin accommodation; a description of the various countries, such as Egypt, India, the Cape, and Australasia, which are visited by the Company's vessels, embellished with admirably-executed maps and sketches of scenery and buildings; advice to passengers; an account of the most noteworthy objects seen at sea; and maps of the stars arranged for different latitudes. The pictures have been lithographed by Messrs. Maclure and Madonald, of 97, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and the whole get-up of the book reflects great credit on that well-known firm.

Compared with the above, the handbook for passengers by the Castle Mail Packet Company (Donald Currie and Co., 3, Fenchurch Street) is a very modest little affair, yet it contains a good deal of information, compactly arranged, concerning Madeira, the Cape Colony, Natal, Mauritius, and other places visited by the Company's vessels.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of some tastefully designed Easter cards from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. One depicting a bunch of lilies especially deserves commendation.



IN "A Real Queen" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), Mr. R. E. Francillon has given his readers another of those highly idealised studies in fiction which are to real life what the imaginings of a poet who prefers plain prose to verse for the expression of his dreams must always be. The book contains all the wealth of incident and mastery of intrigue of which Mr. Francillon's former novels have proved him to be the possessor; and is replete with the same spirit of imagination, and the same clairvoyance which makes even the most commonplace incidents of the tale appear as romantic as those in which he has given his fancy the most unfettered scope. To say that the story is improbable is but to speak the bare truth; and probably in doing so to pay the author what he will willingly receive as a compliment. For Mr. Francillon holds that it is a novelist's business to treat of the unusual, and if the people who fill his pages are not such as we elbow in our daily walks, they are none the less welcome additions to our acquaintance on that ground. Even his scoundrels have something of the heroic about them, and his heroes and heroines have a healthy and full-blooded Quixotism which should make them the more welcome to such as believe that all

things nowadays are small and mean. The plot of "A Real Queen" is as well constructed as it is uncommon. *Credo quia incredibile* was the motto with which Mr. Francillon prefaced one of his earliest works, and there are many worse devices for a novelist with his power of making his dreams read like realities. Perhaps the best idea of the general effect of the book may be gathered from Mr. Francillon's own words in speaking of the career of his heroine, Rosamond Fane—"Let it be matched in human experience if it can. And yet the process had not a grain of magic in it from first to last; but on the contrary, taken step by step, contains no more unlikelyhood than the things which are always happening to us or around us every day." Among Mr. Francillon's many good gifts, that of knowing how to tell a story has high place. His method is not that of M. Gaboriau, or of Mr. Wilkie Collins, or of any other novelist, but is as purely his own as is his verbal style, and among all the stories which he has told so well he has told none better than that of Rosamond Fane, and of the people who surround her. His heroines are always lovable and gracious, and Rosamond will find herself in fit company with her sister predecessors—a Queen whose queenship would be as real in the little western fishing village in which we leave her as in the Pacific paradise changed to a Pandemonium by sham religion and bad whisky through her unwitting agency. "A Real Queen" is a book to read and remember and be thankful for, and will do much to solidify its author's fast growing fame.

In "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," by Edward Bellamy (1 vol.: Douglas, Edinburgh), we have one of those quasi-scientific, semi-metaphysical romances which possess a perpetual fascination for a certainly not diminishing number of minds. The central idea is that of the discovery of a galvanic process whereby morbid tissue may be eliminated from the living brain, and therewith all the miseries of memory and conscience which produced the diseased condition. The brain chronicles impressions physically. So that if, for example, the specially affected tissue could be removed from the brain of a murderer, he would cease to retain any memory of his sin, and his conscience would be as clean as if he were a new man. Of course the resulting ethical and theological problems are simply innumerable. Mr. Bellamy, in his really interesting tale, prudently contents himself with a bare suggestion of these, and contents himself with the effect of the process upon his unfortunate heroine, combining her strange experience with some delightful sketches of village life in New England from a love-making point of view. It would be better, however, if he had possessed the full courage of his fancies, and had not felt himself bound to evade accusations of outraged probability and prosaic objections by the unsatisfactory machinery of a dream. In romantic "science" there is nothing like boldness, and the skill of the artist is shown in so combining it with realism as to make the actual and the impossible indistinguishable from one another. The author of "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process" has not attempted this; but he has succeeded in being both pathetic and amusing.

"The Apparition," by the author of "Post-Mortem" (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), is an undiluted ghost story: how far it is intended to cast ridicule upon the fashionable revival of the bogeys of our forefathers we hardly know. We shall, of course, refrain from giving the faintest hint as to the nature of the ghost with which the anonymous author deals, since the excitement of curiosity by a mystery is the entire *raison d'être* of his story, which reads a little as if a wing of the "Castle of Otranto" had been restored and made habitable by a modern architect. That the author has done his best with his mystery we can hardly say—he might easily have hidden it more cleverly and revealed it more dramatically. But it is thoroughly amusing, whether it be regarded as a burlesque, or as a serious contribution to ghostly literature. Many of his sketches of character are so excellent, that the little use he makes of them is to be regretted. The work is quite good enough to have borne further development—an unusual thing to say of a modern story, but in this case well deserved.



MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—One of the cleverest of the rising ballad writers of the day is Gerald B. Lane, from whom we have four remarkably good examples of that school, for which he has supplied both words and music. "The Angel's Message" and "The Love of Old" are of a sentimental type; the first-named has a very pleasing harmonium obligato accompaniment; "Perhaps" and "Dorothy's Answer" are of a more lively type, suitable for a response to an encore. The above-named composer supplies the words for "The Sweetest Music"; the music is by E. R. Marriott, who has also composed "Left," words by L. Liepmann; both these songs are published in two keys; and "I Wonder," a song of mediocre merit, words by Frank Boyle.—A brace of fairly good songs, music by Sophie E. Hudson, are "If 'Tis Love To Wish You Near," the words of which are by Charles Dibdin, and "When We Two Parted," Lord Byron's well-known and much-admired poem; the former is published in three keys, the latter in G, for a tenor of medium compass.—"I Think of Thee," the words of which are anonymous, the music by August Howard, is a fairly good love song, published in two keys.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—An addition to the musical service of our Church is always welcome when it is well-written and original, as is the case with a "Te Deum Laudamus," by R. H. K. Chapman, who evidently has a talent for composing ecclesiastical music.—In anticipation of the coming Midsummer holidays, comes a very pretty and melodious cantata, entitled "Prize Day." It is for ladies' voices only, written and composed by Jessie Moir and Charles Marshall. This simple but pleasing little work is well adapted for a breaking-up at a college or school. In a prefatory note we are told that, "In accordance with an annual custom, the Kaiser's Prize is to be competed for. Ida and Dorothea are chosen as the most advanced from a number of students; they are equally successful, so that each one obtains a prize, and is duly crowned with flowers, according to an old Greek tradition which has become identified with this ceremony." A solo apiece, a duet together for the leading soprano and contralto and four concerted pieces, are sufficient to occupy the first part of a programme.—"The Waif," written and composed by Mary L. Campbell and Edwin H. Lemare, is a pathetic ballad on a well-worn theme, as its name would tell.—A pleasing love song is "No Dream," words by G. Clifton Bingham; music by A. L. Mora. Published in F and in G; a well-contrasted encore to which is a merry little song, written and composed by Claxon Bellamy and Ernest Birch, entitled "Shoeing and Wooing."—A very good portrait of General Gordon on the frontispiece to a "March," bearing his name, attracts attention to the music by Etienne Claudet, which is spirited and well-written.—Two useful pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room are "Cinquante," by Louis H. Meyer, and "Murmuring Shells," by Cotford Dick.

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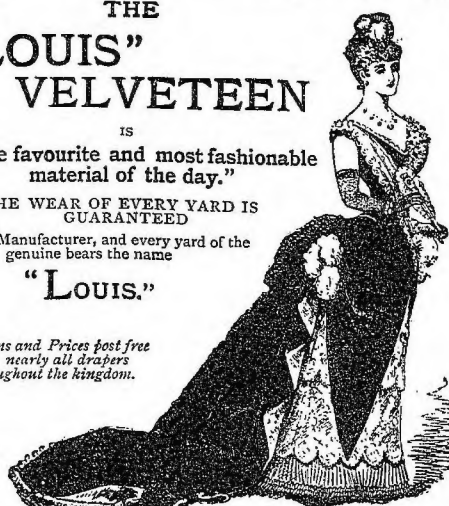
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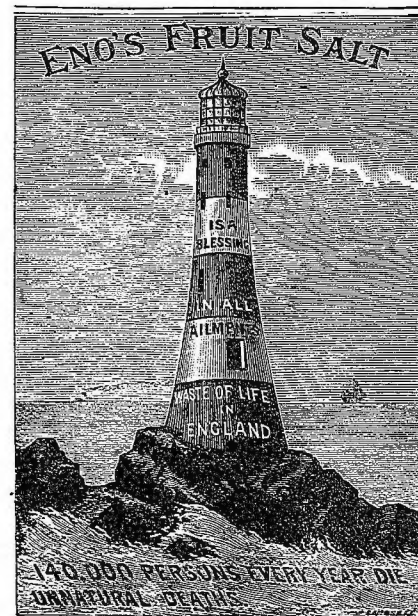
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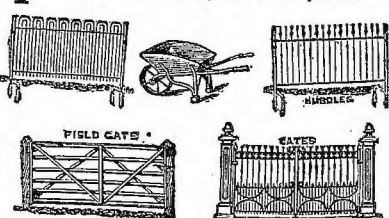
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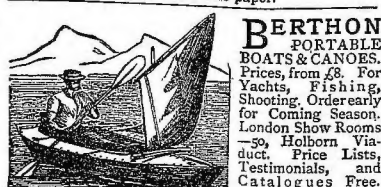
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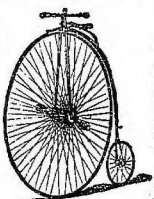
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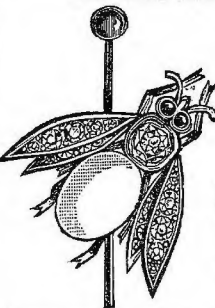
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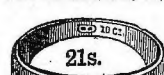


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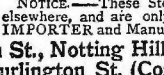
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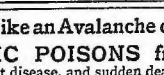
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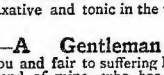
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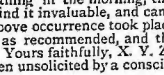
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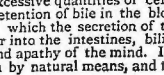
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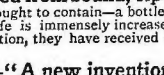
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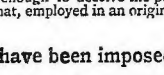
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